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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.*

Narrative of the Campaigns of the 28th Regiment since their return from Egypt in 1802. By Lieut.-Col. C. Cadell, unattached, late Major of that Corps. 12mo. pp. 281. London, 1835. Whittaker and Co.

WHEN we read a book like this, a faithful sketch of actual and stirring events, we are apt to think that the pens of the writers of fiction might as well be allowed to stand quietly in the little holes of their inkstands. The latter, to be sure, if they are clever, dispose of their materials in more artificial, dramatic forms; but, for incident and extraordinary circumstances, the former beat all the creations of the imagination quite hollow. And war, especially, supplies a strange and vast fund of occurrences to mark both with a comic and a tragic interest the alternations of human life. Man becomes a beast of prey, yet with occasional manifestations of the better instincts, which heaven has implanted in the breast of the superior animal in this world's system. Hardship, privation, and suffering are his hourly companions; existence is worth about a pin's fee; and desperate recklessness, and a passion to enjoy to the utmost the fleeting moment he can deem his own, are the characteristics of his course. The perpetual excitement, be it for peril and death, or for transient and precarious enjoyment, exalts his mind to so high a pitch, that the soldier's feelings are beyond conception intense; and he often lives, within a few short days of vicissitude, more than the home and regular civilian lives in years of same occupation and humdrum rising up, feeding, gaping, and lying down. The history of his course, therefore, if even tolerably narrated, must possess strong claims to sympathy; and we trust that the following examples of Col. Cadell's work will shew that it is full of manifold attractions.

The 28th is a noble regiment, standing high among the foremost in the service. From the days of the great Marlborough to the days of the greater Wellington, it has sustained its ample share in the fame and glory achieved by the British army in every quarter of the globe. In later times it frequently fought side by side in the same bloody fields with the renowned Scottish regiments, the 42d, 79th, 92d, and with others of like bravery and conduct, such as the 52d, 71st, 95th, &c. &c. and it never moulded a feather of its plumes when compared with these gallant corps. Praise more honourable and distinguished could not be bestowed. In the American war it obtained the familiar sobriquet of "The Slashers," from its use of the sword, then worn by the infantry; and when, on its return from the immortality of Egypt, a second battalion was added to its force, the youngest recruit had the stimulus not only of recent victory, but of a century of splendid reputation to incite him to emulate his elder and veteran brethren in the mightier conflicts which awaited them.

Their first remarkable employment after this was the attack on Copenhagen, the ac-

count of which is in excellent taste; but we shall pass on to the still more memorable retreat of Sir John Moore in Spain, and commence our extracts with the story of a wonderfully narrow escape:—

"January 3d. The following occurrence had more effect in establishing the good conduct of the reserve than any thing that had yet been done. We were formed in close column, on the Bembibre side of the river, when our gallant chief, General Paget, in an excellent address, called the attention of the soldiers to the dreadful and disgraceful scene of yesterday, and the merciless conduct the enemy's cavalry had shewn to many of the stragglers. He told the men that they had now become the rear-guard of the army; and upon their sober, steady, and good conduct, the safety of the whole depended. Just as the General had finished his admirable and soldier-like address, and after all the orders had been given, and the necessary examples that had been made, two men of the reserve were found in the very act of shamefully plundering a house in the village, and ill-treating the inhabitants. The report was made, and the reserve was instantly formed in square; the culprits were brought out—the General being determined that an example should be made. They were ordered to be hanged upon a tree close to the village. Every thing being prepared, the awful sentence was about to be carried into execution; the unfortunate men were in the act of being lifted up to the fatal branch, when an officer of the hussars rode into the square, and reported that the enemy were at that moment advancing. The general said he did not care if the whole French cavalry were coming up; that he would hang those men, who had been guilty of so shameful an outrage. At that instant a few distant shots were heard, and a second officer arrived at full speed with another report. The general then stopped the execution, and turning round to the reserve, said 'Soldiers! if you promise to behave well for the future, I will forgive those men—say yes, in an instant.' 'Yes!' was said by every one. 'Say it again,' said the general. 'Yes, yes!' was again exclaimed by all. 'Say it a third time.' 'Yes! yes! yes!' and a cheer followed. The men were forgiven; the square was reduced; and the 52d regiment, under Colonel Barclay, went through the village in double quick time, and in the most beautiful manner took possession of the vineyards on the opposite side of the river."

After the battle of Corunna, we have the following entertaining anecdotes:—

"Our baggage animals were all left on the beach. Major Browne was fortunate enough to get a pig in exchange for a horse. The major was rather unlucky with his pork; for in the hurry of embarkation, piggy was taken on board one ship, and the major on board another. [The unlucky major, on a former occasion, had a nice piece of pork cut from his saddle-bow, by some of his hungry companions.] One exception, however, happened to the animals being left on the beach. 'The wife of Sergeant

Monday, the orderly-room clerk, actually carried a lap-dog in a basket over her arm, throughout the whole of this dreadful retreat, and brought it home to England with her." A friend of our own, of the 95th, brought off a fine Spanish pointer, which adhered to him throughout the whole of this murderous retreat.

The Walcheren expedition succeeded the return of the troops from Corunna, in 1809, and the 28th were again in request. Col. Cadell relates a curious fact respecting the use of tobacco, which militates against a too commonly received opinion advanced in support of the use of this nasty drug:— "I was (he states) the only officer of the regiment who did not smoke during the expedition to Walcheren, and the only one that escaped the fever." It is but fair towards tobacco, however, to mention a case where it was found useful. In the Pyrenees, when driving the French into their own country, we have the following singularly characteristic story, text and note:—

"While we were resting from our toils, some of the officers requested Colonel Belson to send a party to Pasages, near St. Sebastian (where supplies of every description were brought from England for the army), and to purchase tobacco for the men, and tea and sugar for the officers: 2000 dollars were collected, and given in charge to Sergeant Ball,* and six grenadiers. The conduct of these brave fellows on this occasion was chivalrous in the extreme—proving beyond all doubt, that British soldiers possess a high sense of honour and heroism, and that they are not, as supposed by many, mere machines. The party arrived at Pasages on the 30th, and learning that St. Sebastian was to be stormed the next day, the sergeant addressed his men, telling them there was hardly an action in the Peninsula in which the 28th had not a share, and proposed to them to volunteer on the storming party, for the credit of their regiment. To this the men joyfully assented; and the next question was, how to dispose of the money safely, with which they had been entrusted. It was determined to place it in the hands of a commissary, taking his receipt for the amount, which document the sergeant again lodged in the hands of a third person. Having thus carefully provided for the property of their officers, these brave fellows volunteered for the desperate enterprise, and joined the ranks of their gallant comrades of Barossa heights—the grenadiers of the 9th. It would be superfluous to say, they did their duty, and most fortunately—indeed singularly—none of them were hurt. After the town was taken, the gallant sergeant collected his men, reclaimed the money, purchased the supplies, and returned to his regiment with a handsome testimonial of their conduct, addressed to Colonel Belson, from the general commanding the brigade."

But before returning to the Peninsula, we shall insert one other anecdote of Walcheren:—

* This fine fellow, on a former occasion, received a musket ball through the fleshly part of his leg, when he very quietly took the quid out of his mouth, applied it to the wound, tied it up, and thought no more of the matter.

"We had hardly settled, when the dreadful fever broke out amongst us. It was truly melancholy to behold the numbers that were cut off : every evening about dusk a string of from eight to ten fine fellows were carried to their graves ! The deaths were so numerous that a corporal and eight men only attended each funeral."

In 1810 our brave countrymen were once more on Spanish ground ; and from the horrors of their many scenes of devastation, we select a few particulars. After the battle of Barossa, we are told —

"Hearing that we were to march to the Isla de Leon in the evening, I, accompanied by the Lieutenant and Adjutant Bridgeland (then sergeant-major), went to that part of the field where Colonel Browne's flank battalion had so nobly fought, to look for the body of Lieut. Bennet. After a short search we found it. The spectacle was truly horrible. A musket-ball had entered his forehead, and had carried away the whole of the back of the head : a portion of the brain was lying in his cap ; still he breathed ! The sergeant-major said he would never leave him as long as he had breath in his body ; and perceiving the army moving down to the beach, on their way to the Isla, a force being left to cover the removal of the wounded, he tied up the shattered head, and placing the body on his shoulder, carried it four miles to the Bermuda heights, where the army halted. The surgeon coming up, examined the body, and said that it was perfectly ridiculous to think of conveying it a yard further, for although breath remained, all feeling was past. We therefore procured two great coats, and in the most retired place we could find, placed one under and the other over our poor comrade, and with sore hearts left him. About twelve at night we crossed over to the Isla, and were glad to get under any sort of cover. Some of us found our way into a Spanish hospital, where we were fortunate enough to get some clean straw on which we could lie down, and repose our weary limbs. About nine next morning I was aroused from a sound sleep by a soldier of the regiment. He told me that a corpse had been brought in by some Spaniards, who said it was that of an English officer ; upon which I instantly got up, and limped down stairs as well as I could (for I had been wounded by a spent grape-shot about the middle of the action), when, shocking to relate, I saw the body of poor Bennet brought in a bread-bag. He was still breathing. The dust from the bread, which had almost filled his nostrils, mouth, and eyes, I quickly removed with a sponge and water. His usual placid smile was still upon his countenance ; but no sooner had this last friendly office been performed, than our lamented comrade, with a deep sigh, expired."

In this battle the gallant author was himself put hors de combat for a while by a grape shot, but recovered sufficiently in time to resume his command, and supersede his supersessor :

"On returning to the right," he says, "and touching Lieutenant Potter on the shoulder, it created in him no little astonishment to see me, as it were, arisen from the dead."

"On the 5th the division returned to Mérida, in consequence of the investment of Ciu-

* On one of these melancholy occasions, a ridiculous occurrence took place: an Irish corporal and eight men of the grenadier company of the 29th went to bury a fine fellow who had died the day before,—the dead-house at the hospital being full of men of different regiments, our corporal was taking away, by mistake, the body of a man of the 4th, when a non-commissioned officer of that corps claimed him : 'Sure,' says Paddy, 'I am come to bury a man, and isn't it now all the same which regiment he belonged to ? I am only just taking the best looking one.'

dad Rodrigo. Sir Rowland (Hill) commenced his march by Portalegre, to Niza, to cover it. On the first day's march, when we passed the place where the two Frenchmen of Captain Neville's gallant party were killed by the cannon shot on the 29th, it was curious to observe that one body was completely devoured by the wolves — even the very gristles of the ribs were gnawed off ; while the other was not touched, nor even were his clothes in the smallest degree injured."

On a future march, "just as the regiment was dismissed, a large body of the enemy's Polish lancers made their appearance, and after shamefully cutting down several unfortunate women who had fallen behind, advanced rapidly to the wood, where we were stationed. The light-company fortunately happened to be on the rear-guard, under Captain Bradbury ; and they instantly formed at the edge of the wood, and gave them such a well-directed volley, that many of them were brought down."

Again : "A shocking imposition was practised upon two of our officers, Lieutenants I— and C—, that evening. Some time after the action, a Portuguese soldier came to their tent with some pork-steaks to dispose of, which their servants eagerly purchased, and dressed them for their masters' supper. They were very tired and hungry after a long march and hard fighting, sat down and made a hearty meal : but a short time after, what was their surprise and disgust, when they discovered it to be more than equivocal that the alleged 'pork-steaks' had not long before belonged to the person of a Frenchman ! I—, like an old soldier, drank off half a tumbler of brandy, and thought no more of the matter ; but poor C— turned very sick, and was always ill whenever the subject of their cannibal repast was mentioned."

How dreadful that human beings should be exposed to miseries like these ; and that man, armed against his fellow-man, should take part in such atrocities ! We will endeavour to relieve our readers from the disgust of the subject by some more miscellaneous quotations.

1811. "The 28th embarked at Cadiz on the 13th of March, and arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th. Sir Colin Campbell, the governor, was so pleased with the conduct of the regiment, that he ordered a *feu-de-joie* to be fired after dark on that evening, in commemoration of the battle of the 5th. We landed in a deplorable state — nothing but rags upon us ; our clothing was very old when we commenced this short campaign, and the bullets of the French had torn it almost to pieces ; there was hardly a cap that was not perforated. However, after we were all put to rights, we were not allowed to remain long idle."

At Arroyo del Molinos, "The weather was very fine, and it was a most gratifying sight for us to see the enemy scampering up the mountain in every direction ; the British, notwithstanding the forced march the day before, being in wet jackets for twenty-four hours, and the night's march before the attack, were taking them at every step. On our arrival at the summit, our men were very much scattered, and General Howard most judiciously stopped the pursuit. At this period our gallant comrade, Captain Irving (now lieutenant-colonel), fell senseless from fatigue and exhaustion, and it was with great difficulty he was restored. Seven or eight Frenchmen, whilst endeavouring to make their escape down the mountain, were taken in an extraordinary manner by Lieutenant Irwin, of the grenadier company, the first in the pursuit. He took up what they

call in Ireland a couple of 'two-year-old stones,'* which he aimed so well with his left hand, that he brought down two of the Frenchmen, one after the other ; the others seeing their comrades so roughly handled, quietly surrendered, and he brought them all in prisoners. On our descent into the plain, the scene was a singular one ; many officers and soldiers were mounted on horses they had picked up belonging to French officers, who, finding they could not ride over the mountain, had abandoned them ; and different parties were bringing in numerous prisoners, which, when collected, amounted to upwards of 1500 ; the Prince D'Aremberg, General Brune, and several officers of rank, were amongst them. The Prince D'Aremberg was taken by Lieutenant Blakeney, of the light company, 28th, who, being mounted, as adjutant of the flankers, was at the head of the column. On coming up to a wall where a number of French officers had just retreated, seeing a person of distinction, with a star upon his breast, he gallantly leaped the wall into the midst, and made the prince his prisoner. The prince was so much pleased with the conduct of Lieutenant Blakeney, that he applied to General Hill to permit the lieutenant to conduct him to Lisbon, which was granted ; he was promoted to a company in the 36th for his bravery. When it was made known to the prince that the frigate was ready, which was appointed to take him to England, he told Blakeney that he should be happy to see him, whenever he might be at Brussels, Paris, Rome, Naples, or in any part of the emperor's dominions. A midshipman soon after came to say that a boat was waiting, when the prince turned to Blakeney, and asked him how soon he thought he (the prince) should be in England. Blakeney replied, 'As soon as you are out of the Tagus — all the seas are England.'"

The conclusion is reserved for next week.

The Revolutions of the Globe familiarly described. By Alex. Bertrand, M.D. Paris. Translated by S. C. Horry. 12mo. pp. 413. London, 1833. Ridgway and Son.

The important, the interesting, and the rising science of geology, has had no exposition published equal to the present for the general reader and student. Our own columns have borne testimony to the greatest works of a Cuvier, a Sedgwick, a Buckland, a Murchison, or a Lyell ; but for ready and every day use this volume is of infinite value. In order to bring the leading features of the system, and the discoveries attendant upon it, familiarly before us, it has consulted all the best authorities ; and therefore, though easy to be understood, it is nevertheless replete with the soundest information : and to this the notes of the translator (from the fifth French edition) have contributed in a very laudable degree.

The author goes over the past theories respecting the earth from the commencement of the seventeenth century ; and proclaims his own, that the centre is a mass of metallic matters, kept in a state of fusion by the continued action of an intense original heat.† He then considers earthquakes and volcanoes, and the mineral crust of the globe in reference to this supposed condition of things, and holds that the latter is composed of multitudes of strata, deposited not by one event but by many catastrophes. The remains of all animals and

* "About the size of a man's hand."

† We may here note, that we prefer Dr. Bertrand's analytical views to some of his own hypotheses.—Ed. L. G.

vegetables in these strata, so far as man has had the power to examine them, are next detailed, and form by far the most interesting portion of the book. The fossil bones of elephants, found in numerous places, and especially in the Polar Circle, and those of the mastodon, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, horse, tapir, megalonyx, megatherium, hyena, &c. & c. are all clearly described, and their localities settled. We have the superior strata and their preserved relics before us; and we descend deeper to the first inhabitants of the ancient sea, the trilobites and marine mammals. Still lower in depth and in the measure of time, we have the Saarian reptiles—the monsters which existed as it were before animal life had reached the beautiful forms, which at a later period adorned, and now, still more improved, adorn our earth; when created beings were *informe et ingens*, more horrid than the dragons of fable.

Fossil vegetables, embracing three antediluvian periods, are reviewed—and the present state of the waters and atmosphere furnish subject-matter for the concluding chapters.

Such is the outline of this acceptable production; from which we shall merely copy an extract or two to demonstrate its character and value.

"France has the good fortune to possess a naturalist, such as nature rarely produces, and whose life cannot fail to form a brilliant epoch in the history of science. M. Cuvier, endowed with the grandest genius for observation, and with the profoundest knowledge of the laws of nature, has contrived to re-unite, by means of the remains, almost always imperfect, which are found on excavating the ground, the skeletons of most of the animals to which they belonged, and has thus enriched science with the knowledge of a great number of terrestrial quadrupeds, entirely unknown before his appearance. The study of these last-mentioned animals, is of more importance than that of the marine animals, for the races of terrestrial animals being better known, we can be more certain that the fossil ones belonged to species, or genera, at present unknown. They indicate, moreover, that the strata, in which they are found, must have been left dry, and then again inundated; and that, too, in some instances very suddenly, as we shall presently perceive. It is evident, besides, that a marine irrigation must have caused all the quadrupeds living upon the surface of the earth to perish; whilst we may conceive, that, at least, a considerable number of marine animals would have been able to resist and survive its effects;" so that we may expect to find, in a series of successive strata, the whole of the quadrupeds which each irrigation of the sea had submerged. We may easily conceive how difficult it must have been to determine the genera and species of animals, which do not perfectly resemble any of those which are now living upon the earth, and of which we possess but imperfect remains. This, however, is what M. Cuvier has done by the aid of profound observation, and inductions so ingenious, that, if you had not forbidden me such reference, I should refer you to the large work which he is publishing upon fossil animals, in order that you might be fully able to appreciate them. You would there see that he has succeeded in determining and classifying the remains of seventy-eight quadrupedal animals, including the viviparous and oviparous. He divides these animals into genera and species, and of them he

* "Very recent researches by M. Cuvier, seem to show that marine animals, no more than others, survived the grand cataclysms of nature; and that, after each catastrophe, the entire race of animals was renewed in the tracts where it had occurred."

reckons forty-nine which belong to species hitherto altogether unknown. Of these forty-nine, there are twenty-seven of which the genera have been lost, and which form seven new genera: the twenty-two other species are related to known genera, or sub-genera: twenty-nine animals either belong to known species, or are not yet sufficiently ascertained to enable him to decide, with certainty, as to their classification. Let it not be thought that the imagination of the observer may have led him astray in his researches. The assiduity with which they have been made, assisted no doubt by happy chances (for chance often performs a leading part in the history of our discoveries), has procured for us almost entire skeletons of many of these animals, and all, as yet, have completely confirmed the conjectures advanced by M. Cuvier respecting the bones, or even portions of the bones in a separate state."

On the remains of bones discovered in caverns:—

"If the ancient caverns are curious on account of the remains which are discovered in them, they are not the less so from the absence of the bones of certain animals, the species of which we may reasonably suppose did not exist at that time. It is of so much the more importance to dwell upon this consideration, as the human bones are among those which would be sought for in vain in those places; but, if man existed at the period when these ancient hyenas dug into the earth, in order to raise up, and carry off to their dens, the carcasses of all other animals, why should they have any more spared his remains than, then they do now? All the osseous caverns, however, do not afford the remains of carnivora, and we can cite, among the exceptions in this respect, the grotto of Osselles, situated near Besançon. An English naturalist, Mr. Buckland, who has specially devoted himself to the study of caverns, visiting this one, which had been, for a long time, an object of curiosity on account of its extent, and the brilliant stalactites which adorned it, recognised in it all the appearances of the cavern of bones in Franconia. He even fancied that he could discern a spot in which bones might be found, very near the surface, and on applying the mattock to the spot, he had the gratification of finding his conjecture verified. Though the discovery of these bones is only of such recent date, a part of the geological wealth which it contains has already been brought to light, and the entire knowledge of it will not be long delayed. The most remarkable circumstance which it presents in regard to antediluvian geology is, that among the numerous bones which have as yet been extracted from it, not one is met with, which belongs to any other animal than the great bear of the caverns. The remains of hyenas so frequent in all others, are not met with at all; and accordingly the ursine bones are here free from the fractures which they present in all the caverns in which they have been exposed to the teeth of the hyenas. The same remark is applicable to the numerous families of the apes and monkeys. Not a single bone is met with in the caverns which can induce the suspicion that they had

* In this feature it resembles the cavern of Külah, respecting which, Dr. Buckland says,—It is literally true, that in this single cavern (the size and proportions of which are nearly equal to those of a large church), there are hundreds of cart-loads of black animal dust, entirely covering the whole floor, to a depth which must average, at least, six feet, and the cubic contents of which must exceed 5000 feet. If we allow two cubic feet of dust and bones for each individual animal, we shall have, in this single vault, the remains of at least 2,500 bears, a number which may have been supplied in the space of 1000 years, by a mortality at the rate of two and a half per annum." —T.

existed at a period which occupies our attention. The bone of a bat, however, has been found in a fossil state. This bone is the only one that belongs to the genus *quadrimana*, which includes the primates of Linnaeus. You perceive, at once, that it is the existence or non-existence, at the period in question, of the human race, which it is chiefly interesting to determine. Now if we were to trust to the observations cited by a great number of authors, nothing would be more certain than the fossilisation of the human remains, notwithstanding their absence from the caverns alluded to. It has even been recently announced, that human skulls, and other bones, have been found intermingled with several remains of elephants. It is asserted that these bones, and particularly the form of the skulls, denote the existence of an ancient race of men very different from that which now inhabits the globe. But it is necessary to await the publication of these proofs, and the judgment of men who ought to be, in these matters, the guides of public opinion."

In former times, when geology was less known and studied as a science, some curious impositions were practised, of which the annexed is an instance:—

"On the 11th of January, 1613, in a sand-pit, near the Château de Chaumont, between the towns of Montricoux, Serres, and Saint Antoine, some bones were found, several of which were broken by the workmen. A surgeon of Beaurepaire, named Mazurier, informed of this discovery, possessed himself of the bones, and contrived how to turn them to good account. He gave out that he had found them in a sepulchre thirty feet in length, upon which were inscribed the words *Teutobochus Rex*. He added, that, at the same time, he found fifty medals, bearing the head of Marius. He inserted these stories in a pamphlet, by means of which the curiosity of the public being aroused, he exhibited, for money, the bones of the pretended giant, as well at Paris as in other cities. Gassendi names a Jesuit of Tournon, as the author of the pamphlet, and proves that the pretended antique medals were fabricated; as to the bones, they were those of an elephant. Similar observations, which become more precise in proportion as they are more recent, bring us down to the eighteenth century. At this period, the progress of the natural sciences did not allow any such gross mistakes to prevail; the bones of elephants were recognised for what they really were; but, it was conceived, that they had been buried in the ground in the time of the Romans. What tended to confirm this opinion is, that the places in which they were first found are situated in the vicinity of the Rhone; and, consequently, that, in those places, Hannibal, who is known to have brought some with him in his expeditions against the Romans, as also Domitius Ahenobarbus, who, at a later period, brought some into Gaul, might have left their carcasses."

The author proceeds to throw farther light on this branch of his subject:—

"There is no part of Europe in which so many fossil bones of elephants have been found as in the valley of the Upper Arno; they are there so common, that the peasants formerly used them indiscriminately with stones for the construction of their houses. Since they have known the value of them they reserve them to sell to travellers." It was thus that M. Cuvier bought at Incisa an atlas of great dimensions, which was offered to

* "A very considerable quantity of these bones are preserved in the twelve presses which stand in the great Hall of Fossils, against the wall opposite to the windows."

him while waiting to change horses. This celebrated naturalist relates, that he saw in that country such a quantity of the fossil bones of elephants, all collected in the neighbourhood of Figline, that there were two rooms filled with them.* This prodigious number decidedly refutes the opinion of those who contend that they are only traces of the passage of Hannibal's army through that country. History, it is true, informs us that this great general, after having gained the battle of Trebia, passed over the Apennines to gain that of Thrasymene over Flaminius; but Livy and Polybius agree in mentioning that, though he entered Italy with thirty-two elephants, he had only eight left after the battle of Trebia; that he lost seven of these animals in his useless attempt to pass the Apennines during the winter; and that in the spring, when he at length succeeded in his difficult enterprise, and arrived in the valley of the Upper Arno, he had only one of them remaining. All the similar conjectures which might be made, in order to give to these bones an origin not going beyond the historical ages, are as little founded as the last. You will, besides, perceive how ridiculous it is to explain by any single cause whatsoever, a phenomenon so general as the existence of these bones. They are found, in fact, throughout all Europe—in England—in Germany, where they have been often better observed than any where else, although the Romans never led any of them into the northern part of that country. Great quantities of these bones have been discovered in the most northern parts of Ireland, in Scandinavia, in Norway, and even in Iceland. They are met with likewise in Poland and in Russia; and it is in this latter vast country, so little adapted to favour the propagation of elephants, that their remains are found in the greatest number. And which, madam, do you suppose are the provinces of Russia, in which they are found in the greatest quantity?—The most frozen parts of Siberia. But, however common they may be in those rough climates, they are yet more abundant in some islands of the Frozen Ocean, to the north of Siberia, which, with the exception of some rocky mountains, are scarcely any thing else than a collection of sand and ice filled with fossil bones. The Russian Captain Kotzebue found them on the coast of America, within the polar circle. They are so common there, that the sailors attached to his expedition burnt many pieces of them for firing. M. Adalbert de Chamisso, a naturalist, who accompanied M. Kotzebue, brought to Europe a tusk four feet long and five inches broad in its greatest diameter, and which M. Cuvier found to have a considerable resemblance to those discovered near Paris, in the course of digging the canal of the Oureq. The inhabitants of Siberia are so accustomed to meeting with these monstrous remains under the surface of the earth, that, in order to explain how they were deposited there, they have devised a fable, which, as coming from them, will not astonish you. They believe that there exists in their country an animal of the size of the elephant, and having tusks such as his, but living in the manner of moles, without ever being able to endure with

impunity the light of day. They designate it by the name of mammoth, and call the tusks the horns of the mammoth. The icy temperature of those climates has preserved them so well, that they are employed for the same purpose as fresh ivory, and form a very important article of commerce to the country. You will acknowledge, madam, that this is a singular indemnification granted by nature to the inhabitants of that dreary region. It is a remarkable fact, that the same fable which prevails in Siberia is in repute among the Chinese, who call the pretended subterranean animal *ti-en-schu-i-a*. It is noticed in many treatises on the natural history of the country; and in one of them in which it is remarked, that they are only met with in the most icy regions, it is even asserted that their flesh is very wholesome; which would lead one to think that a phenomenon so curious as the preservation of the flesh may have been pretty common in cold countries."

We will not enter further into the work; it is enough to recommend it, with the most just encomia, to every one who desires to obtain a ready knowledge of geology.*

The Village Churchyard; and other Poems,, By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. 12mo. pp. 266. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

THIS sweet lady, excited by a continued love of poetry, has here given a second volume to the public,—the emanation of pure, and amiable, and tender feelings. The besetting fault of her style of composition is diffusiveness, which prolongs and weakens the gentle thought, and would, even were the thought stronger and more original, injure it from the want of condensation. The first poem is a sort of paraphrase of Holbein's Dance of Death, many of the images of which are passed in shadowy review by the fair writer, to whom melancholy seems to be almost the peculiar strain. It is marked, like all the rest, by considerable involutions, as well as by startings away from the subject, as if led by catch-words; and still more by a profusion of epithets which leads greatly to produce the inherent blemish we have pointed out. Take for example these lines, out of hundreds of the same genus—

" Their bright, soft bloom
Doth clothe the dust in a divine array,
Embalming, sanctifying dull decay,
And soothing, softening all our moody fears."

" Though trembling, gathering, shrinking to a tear."

" The Gordian knots of thick-pleated, matted boughs."

" Through many a sharp-besetting, haunting ill."

" His glittering, quivering surface shall diffuse

Luxuriant coruscations, rainbow hues."

But we need not multiply examples; as nearly every page furnishes them of this dilution, by means of doubled synomyms and triplicated adjectives. Elsewhere there are inelegant elisions, such as

" Deemed pious! 'twas the commonwealthsmen laid." But even these often leave the rhythm imperfect. " Murmurous grass," " vasty world," and all such phrases are also objectionable; and such rhymes as *frame* with *dream* (p. 208) cannot be received out of Dublin or County Clare.

* Some remarkable fossil remains have just now been discovered in Germany, at Sagan, Liegnitz, about 120 miles from Berlin. One specimen is about two feet, of a large horned robbery of the ancient *Rhinoceros leptorhinus* (Cuvier), and was found at about the depth of twenty feet in a yellow sand. Another occurred near Soran, where a beautiful *Lepidopterolis* has been found at the depth of eighteen feet. The impression of the Butterly on the Flots is perfect; and it belongs to no living genus—resembling a moth more than a butterfly. A description in German, and an engraving of this interesting creature has appeared.—Ed. L. G.

From these remarks it will appear that we do not consider this accomplished lady's power over the language of poetry to be equal to the emotions of her mind, or her perceptions of external beauty. A few of her comparisons are graceful, such as that of sunbeam piercing the deep shade of a forest like a descending scimitar; but in the very same passage we find an arrow ploughing its sharp passage; and a little farther on, the following almost ludicrous description of the final victory over Death:—

" Then, Mighty Mightiest One, even thou shalt learn
Utter submissiveness; 'twill be thy turn
To start—to shrink—to tremble, and to fall;
To yield, and, like thy meanest victim, quail."

Now, the way to try writing of this kind is to endeavour to embody or substantiate the ideas;—no easy matter, perhaps, where Death is the foremost figure. But only fancy, if possible, either the unreal phantom, or even the familiar skeleton, starting—or shrinking—or trembling—or quailing; and you will perceive that the words are not signs of any meaning, or that they are signs of absurdity.

Having thus candidly noticed the imperfections of Lady E. Wortley; giving her credit for finer sentiments than for the ability to express them; we shall but do her justice by quoting one passage of greater length, which will, we think, demonstrate the truth of both propositions. (We have italicised some of the words of which we cannot approve.)

" And ye! pale, sheeted tenants of these tombs,
Arisen from life's dull yoke, and various dooms;
Come ye, for one deep moment, but return!
To this fair earth, how much might we not learn
From the unseeing of those long-locked lips!
Much that should mait chill mystery's dense eclipse!
Much that should pierce the soul, and wake and rouse
Evn from the dweller in this lowly house
Of death, where silent generations meet.
Nor break the silence, each new guest to greet!
Here sleeps, perchance, the infant, whose warm breath
A lightning-moment played—then sank in death!
That lived; but of deep human life knew nought;
Unconscious all of feeling, or of thought:
Whose ray of being, trembling into dawn,
Was seen one instant, and the next withdrawn.
Oh! surely, surely blessed, to depart
Ere one sharp pang had wrung the awakening heart!
Surely, most favoured, to be brightly spared
The troubled fates such countless thongs have shared!
To be thus wafted,—thus dissolved away,
Ere stained by contact with this human clay;
By conscious contact; for that unmatured,
That dawning soul knew not 'twas thus immatured.
And now, that youthful spirit may have soared
Where angels have stood still; and saints, adored,
With breathlessness of adoration (poured
In fervent silence, and with thrilling awe)—
And gazed on more than prophet-elders saw
In times of old;—whether in visions deep,
Vouchsafed unto their richly-broken sleep;
Or in the passion of some ruptured trance,
When mystery's depths lay bare'd before their glance—
Some dread apocalypse—some waking dream,
Ethereal, and benign, and ne'er to cease,
Horsing its dazzling glories on their sight,
Sublime; at once a darkness and a light!
Yea! that young, sinless spirit may have flown,
Where spread the blazing shadows round the throne!"

A History of the Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital, with an Account of the Plan of Education, the Internal Economy of the Institution, and Memoirs of Eminent Blues; preceded by a Narrative of the Rise, Progress, and Suppression of the Convent of the Grey Friars in London. By the Rev. W. Trollope, M.A., late one of the Classical Masters of Christ's Hospital. 4to. pp. circ. 470. London, 1835, Pickering.

OUR sheet is truly made miscellaneous by the variety and difference in the subjects brought, by publishing, before us. There, for instance, in this week, we have the history of a regiment; here of a school! That the latter is the *Blues*, and the former not, rather improves the diversity than assimilates the resemblance. Perhaps many of our lady-writers might prefer the

military to the scholastic Blues : but that is a question not immediately pressed upon our consideration ; and instead of the blue-coats we may direct our sole attention to the blue-gowns, whose annals and present state are now worthily embodied in the quarto of Mr. Trollope.

In making our readers acquainted with his work, we are spared all trouble by the simple but sufficient announcement of the title-page. Christ's Hospital stands on the original site of the Convent of the Franciscan Friars, which that despotic gentleman, King Henry VIII., suppressed, with as much dexterity as he would cut off a wife's or a courtier's head. His process is thus stated by our author :—

" On the alleged necessity of correcting the abuses which were reported to exist in the religious houses, an ecclesiastical commission was set on foot in the year 1535, to inquire into the state of monastic discipline throughout the kingdom. A general visitation of the monasteries accordingly took place ; and it was soon sufficiently evident, that the intent of the commission was not so much to detect and reform the abuses which had crept into them, as to confiscate their revenues and estates. The letters of the commissioners to Cromwell charged the members of the different convents with every species of depravity and crime ; and the members of the smaller abbeys and priories were represented as so utterly profligate and abandoned, that any attempt at their reformation would be altogether hopeless. In some of the greater monasteries, it was allowed that ' religion was right well observed, and kept up ; ' and while it was urged, on the one hand, that ' the smallest convents were the greatest sinners, and they who had the least lands led the lewdest lives ; ' it was assumed as a maxim on the other, that ' it was harder to reform little convents than those that were greater.' An act was accordingly passed, by which about three hundred and eighty houses were dissolved, the revenue of which, amounting to nearly 32,000*l.*, came to the crown, besides 100,000*l.* in plate and jewels. Ten thousand persons were thrown upon the world, without the means of subsistence, a new gown and forty shillings being the only allowance which was made to them."

As the sending forth of commissions such as those to probe the affairs of the Irish church, the administration of the poor's-law, education, corporations, &c. &c., has recently become a favourite engine in governing, it may amuse the speculators upon past history (furnishing lessons more talked of than attended to) to trace what likeness they may possess to the ecclesiastical prototype of the Tudor monarch.

Henry, however, must himself die ; and when he approached his hour of final reckoning, he made over, in the way of assouling his soul as far as it would go, Grey Friars' Church, St. Bartholomew, Bethlem Hospital, and other royal possessions, to the city of London. His successor, Edward VI., of whom an interesting sketch is given, proceeded with the work of charity and benevolence. He signed the charter of incorporation, by which Christ's Hospital was founded, a month before his death in 1553, and expired, as our author relates, in the arms of his youthful friend, Sir Henry, the father of the famous Sir Philip Sidney.

From this period Mr. Trollope details the progress of the institution, and affirms that its management has never deviated from the spirit and intention of its foundation. At a later era he repudiates the attacks made upon it by the late Alderman Waithman and Lord Brougham (pages 148, 9, 50, 1), and particularly charges the last with uncourteous and disgusting be-

haviour to the aged and respected treasurer, Mr. Palmer, when examined before the House of Commons committee on education in 1816.

Of these details, any digest must be meagre and unprofitable, for their value consists in their minuteness ; and we shall, therefore, merely select a few curious passages to illustrate our notice of the volume. Our first is full of ancient intelligence—

" Previous to the foundation of Christ's Hospital, the means of education in London were extremely confined. Before the dissolution of monasteries, what little knowledge existed among the citizens had been chiefly doled out in scanty lessons, by monks and friars ; and four grammar schools, established in different parts of the metropolis by letters patent of Henry VI., together with those attached to the collegiate churches, were the only seminaries of learning within the walls. On the eve of St. Bartholomew, it was customary for the scholars of these establishments to dispute publicly at the Priory of St. Bartholomew in West Smithfield, when the three greatest proficients in logic and grammar were presented each with a *silver pen*, and the emulation excited between the youthful rivals not unfrequently ended in a further trial for superiority in pugilistic skill. These feuds, both of science and of war, ceased for a time with the overthrow of the religious houses, which involved schools and convents in one common destruction ; for the few of the former which survived the wreck, were, for the most part, below the grade of modern parochial instruction. It is true that St. Paul's school had been richly endowed by Dean Colet in 1512, and was rising fast into that high repute which it has since so deservedly attained ; but however great the advantages thence derived, the number of scholars was limited to one hundred and fifty-three ; and the free school attached to the Hospital of St. Anthony, since dissolved, but then in the height of its celebrity, could admit but a small portion of the applicants for a share in its literary favours. It would not be surprising, therefore, that a foundation, so extensive in its operation, so noble in its views, and so comprehensive in its benefits, should call forth the dormant energies of the citizens in the support and furtherance of its charitable purposes ; and no exertions were omitted on the part of the corporation to bring it into public notice. It has been seen already that the children lined the civic procession to St. Paul's on the Christmas day immediately succeeding the opening of the school ; and on the Easter following they were present at St. Mary Spital, where three sermons were then annually delivered in Easter week. A custom had long prevailed, according to which some learned person was appointed yearly by the Bishop of London to preach at Paul's Cross on Good Friday, on the subject of Christ's passion ; and on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, three other divines were in like manner appointed to uphold the doctrine of the resurrection at the pulpit-cross in the Spital. On the Sunday following, a fifth preached at Paul's Cross, passed judgment upon the merits of those who had preceded him, and concluded the solemnity with an appropriate exhortation from himself. At these sermons the lord mayor and aldermen attended ; the ladies also, on the Monday, forming part of the cavalcade ; and at the close of each day's solemnity his lordship and the sheriffs gave a private dinner to such of their friends among the aldermen as attended the sermon. From this practice, the civic festivities of Easter were at length extended to the scale of expensive magnificence on which

they are now conducted ; for the governors of the royal hospitals joining from their first establishment in the annual ceremony, the parties became too large for private accommodation, and the halls of the several companies were accordingly thrown open for the purposes of hospitality. The children of Christ's Hospital continued to form an integral part of the solemnity ; so that, in the year 1594, when it became necessary to rebuild the pulpit-cross at the Spital, a gallery was also erected for their accommodation. A tilted covering had been previously provided for the governors on these occasions, and the records of the year 1565 speak of a new tilt, which had been ordered for the purpose. This was now no longer necessary ; and it was accordingly cut up to make cases for the straw beds of the children, who had heretofore used to lie upon loose straw only. In the great rebellion the pulpit was destroyed, and the sermons were discontinued till the Restoration ; after which time the three Spital sermons, as they were still called, were revived at St. Bride's church in Fleet Street. They have been since reduced to two, which from the year 1797 have been delivered in Christ Church ; though it is known that their object is materially altered from that for which they were originally designed. It was at their first appearance at the Spital that the children of Christ's Hospital were clad in the blue costume by which they have been since distinguished. Their original dress was of russet cotton, as already stated ; but in form, the same as at present, somewhat resembling the habit of the ejected brotherhood into whose possessions they had succeeded."

The following is also a gratifying statement, as relates to our own day :

" Among the peculiar privileges of the Royal Mathematical School, may be reckoned the annual presentation of the boys at court, at the first drawing-room of the year. Formerly, this ceremony took place on New Year's day ; but, since that festival has ceased to be observed at court, it has been transferred to the day on which the queen's birth is celebrated. From the period of the melancholy illness of George III., and during the entire reign of his successor, as no drawing-rooms were held, the custom was of course discontinued ; but it has since been renewed under the auspices of their present majesties. On these occasions the boys produce their maps and charts, and other specimens of their proficiency in nautical science ; which they unfold to the king, kneeling on one knee, as he passes to the presence-chamber. The urbanity with which George III. and his amiable consort were wont to receive their youthful visitors, was highly characteristic of their kind-hearted condescension ; but there is something peculiarly gracious in the interest which King William and Queen Adelaide are pleased to take in every individual among them. Each is addressed in turn ; and every breast beats high in acknowledgment of the honour conferred by the notice of the sovereign. His early recollections of the service for which the youthful family are training, does not, it may be imagined, tend to diminish the royal interest in their welfare ; nor will the word of advice and encouragement, kindly vouchsafed from such a quarter, be forgotten in a future day of difficulty or danger, amid their struggles for their own honour, or their country's good."

We cannot enumerate the many bequests which have upheld this admirable seminary and charity ; but we may notice that the humane spirit must have been strong and extended, since it moved even *Stocks* and *Stones*

to leave legacies to this hospital. Two of its leading benefactors were of these names.

The list and memoirs of distinguished individuals educated here are not, considering the whole numbers, either considerable or striking; but it is pleasant to observe that they multiply very fast in later times. Previously, Campion the Jesuit, who was hanged at Tyburn, David Baker, the fierce theologian, John Vicars, the immortalised of "Hudibras," Joshua Barnes, Dr. Jurin, and a very few others embellished its olden annals; and more recently, Jeremiah Markland (whose biography is very interesting), Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta, and some men living and eminent at the present day, shed a lustre over the school where they received their education. Among others we remark Mr. Mitchell, whose Greek learning happens to be our theme in another portion of this very *Gazette*. Coleridge, too, was (alas! was) one of its bright ornaments, and we have here preserved a specimen of his juvenile poetical productions:—

"*De medio fonte leporum*

Surgit amari aliquid.

Julia was blest with beauty, wit, and grace:
Small poets lov'd to sing her blooming face.
Before her altars, lo! a numerous train
Preferr'd their vows; yet all preferr'd in vain:
Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came,
And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.
The flame she felt, ill could she conceal
What every look and action would reveal.
With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of marriage and of love:
The course of Hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.
Nought now remain'd but 'Noes'—how little meant,
And the sweet coyances that endear consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptur'd fell:
The strange misfortune, oh! what words can tell?
Tell! ye neglected syphs! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snarled ye not away your precious ward?
Why preferr'd ye not the loss a weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball?
The favourite on his mistress cast his eyes,
Gives a short melancholy howl, and—dies!
Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest!
Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
Her eyes she fixed on guilty Florio first.
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fied—he woos a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
'Twere vain to tell how Julia plaid away!
Unhappy fair, in one luckless day
(From future almanacks the day be crost!)
At once her lover and her lap-dog lost!"

With this we conclude. The work is likely to be acceptable to the public in general, and must be cherished by the grateful *Blues* whose *alma mater* it illustrates. Some trifling errors occur—*ex. gr.* page 4, in the dates 666 and 630, and page 150, in misquoting Shakespeare; “antic” for “fantastic” tricks; but these are nothing. The engraved embellishments, ten in number, and particularly the frontispiece of “Edward granting the Charter,” after Holbein’s picture, are most appropriate and deserving of every praise.

Ornithological Biography: or, an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America: accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects represented in the work entitled “The Birds of America,” and interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners. By John J. Audubon, F.R.S.S. L. and E. &c. &c. Vol. I. 1831, Vol. II. 1835. Edinburgh, Black; London, Longman.

An ardent and enthusiastic lover of nature, Mr. Audubon, has traced her to her inmost recesses; not content, like too many so-called naturalists, with studying her in museums and cabinets, or, at most, by simply making her productions his prey, he attentively examines the habits, the manners, and customs of her winged subjects, and brings us upon the same

terms of intimacy with them as he is himself. To say that the work now before us is an interesting one is saying far too little, it is certainly the most interesting as well as instructive that has ever come under our notice. Mr. Audubon has traversed the United States in every direction in search of objects for his pencil; from Newfoundland to Mississippi, from Lake Superior to the Floridas, no single spot has he left unexplored; and, as it might be expected, the harvest he has reaped is immense. The result of his exertions was the production of that magnificent work “The Birds of America,” to which the present forms a supplement and companion. Like all other lovers of nature, our author is a poet, and for that very reason his style is occasionally redundant, though not the less agreeable. There is no attempt made to classify; each bird is taken in the order of the plate in which it is represented: we shall pursue the same desultory plan, and commence our specimens with the beginning of the first volume, and introduce our readers to bird with which many savoury recollections are connected, we mean the wild turkey.

The great size and beauty of the wild turkey, its value as a delicate and highly prized article of food, and the circumstance of its being the origin of the domestic race now generally dispersed over both continents, render it one of the most interesting of the birds indigenous to the United States of America. The unsettled parts of the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana, an immense extent of country to the north-west of these districts, upon the Mississippi and Missouri, and the vast regions drained by these rivers from their confluence to Louisiana, including the wooded parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama, are the most abundantly supplied with this magnificent bird. It is less plentiful in Georgia and the Carolinas, becomes still scarcer in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is now very rarely seen to the eastward of the last-mentioned states. In the course of my rambles through Long Island, the state of New York, and the country around the lakes, I did not meet with a single individual, although I was informed that some exist in those parts. Turkeys are still to be found along the whole line of the Alleghany mountains, where they have become so wary as to be approached only with extreme difficulty. While, in the Great Pine Forest, in 1829, I found a single feather that had been dropped from the tail of a female, but saw no bird of the kind. Farther eastward, I do not think they are now to be found. I shall describe the manners of this bird as observed in the countries where it is most abundant, and having resided for many years in Kentucky and Louisiana, may be understood as referring chiefly to them. The turkey is irregularly migratory, as well as irregularly gregarious. With reference to the first of these circumstances, I have to state, that whenever the *mast** of one portion of the country happens greatly to exceed that of another, the turkeys are insensibly led toward that spot, by gradually meeting in their haunts with more fruit the nearer they advance towards the place where it is most plentiful. In this manner flock follows after flock, until one district is entirely deserted, while another is, as it were, overflowed by them. But as these migrations are irregular, and extend over a vast expanse of country, it is necessary that I should describe

the manner in which they take place. About the beginning of October, when scarcely any of the seeds and fruits have yet fallen from the trees, these birds assemble in flocks, and gradually move towards the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. The males, or, as they are more commonly called, the gobblers, associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and search for food apart from the females; while the latter are seen either advancing singly, each with its brood of young, them about two-thirds grown, or in connexion with other families, forming parties often amounting to seventy or eighty individuals, all intent on shunning the old cocks, which, even when the young birds have attained this size, will fight with, and often destroy them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course, and on foot, unless their progress be interrupted by a river, or the hunter’s dog force them to take wing. When they come upon a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminences, and there often remain a whole day, or sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation. During this time, the males are heard gobbling, calling, and making much ado, and are seen strutting about as if to raise their courage to a pitch befitting the emergency. Even the females and young assume something of the same pompous demeanour, spread out their tails, and run round each other, purring loudly, and performing extravagant leaps. At length, when the weather appears settled, and all around is quiet, the whole party mounts to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal, consisting of a single chuck, given by a leader, the flock takes flight for the opposite shore. The old and fat birds easily get over, even should the river be a mile in breadth; but the younger and less robust frequently fall into the water,—not to be drowned, however, as might be imagined. They bring their wings close to their body, spread out their tail as a support, stretch forward their neck, and, striking out their legs with great vigour, proceed rapidly towards the shore; on approaching which, should they find it too steep for landing, they cease their exertions for a few moments, float down the stream until they come to an accessible part, and by a violent effort generally extricate themselves from the water. It is remarkable, that immediately after thus crossing a large stream, they ramble about for some time, as if bewildered. In this state, they fall an easy prey to the hunter."

The following account of the loves of the turkeys is entertaining.

“As early as the middle of February they begin to experience the impulse of propagation. The females separate, and fly from the males: the latter strenuously pursue, and begin to gobble or to utter the notes of exultation. The sexes roost apart, but at no great distance from each other. When a female utters a call-note, all the gobblers within hearing return the sound, rolling note after note with as much rapidity as if they intended to emit the last and the first together, not with spread tail, as when fluttering round the females on the ground, or practising on the branches of the trees on which they have roosted for the night, but much in the manner of the domestic turkey, when an unusual or unexpected noise elicits its singular hubbub. If the call of the female comes from the ground, all the males immediately fly towards the spot, and the moment they reach it, whether the hen be in sight or not, spread out and erect their tail, draw the head back on the shoulders, depress their wings with a quivering

* In America the term *mast* is not confined to the fruit of the beech, but is used as a general name for all kinds of forest fruits, including even grapes and berries.

motion, and strut pompously about, emitting, at the same time, a succession of puffs from the lungs, and stopping now and then to listen and look. But whether they spy the female or not, they continue to puff and strut, moving with as much celerity as their ideas of ceremony seem to admit. While thus occupied, the males often encounter each other, in which case desperate battles take place, ending in bloodshed, and often in the loss of many lives, the weaker falling under the repeated blows inflicted upon their head by the stronger. I have often been much diverted, while watching two males in fierce conflict, by seeing them move alternately backwards and forwards, as either had obtained a better hold, their wings drooping, their tails partly raised, their body-feathers ruffled, and their heads covered with blood. If, as they thus struggle, and gasp for breath, one of them should lose his hold, his chance is over; for the other, still holding fast, hits him violently with spurs and wings, and in a few minutes brings him to the ground. The moment he is dead, the conqueror treads him under foot; but, what is strange, not with hatred, but with all the motions which he employs in caressing the female. When the male has discovered and made up to the female (whether such a combat has previously taken place or not), if she be more than one year old, she also struts and gobblets, turns round him as he continues strutting, suddenly opens her wings, throws herself towards him, as if to put a stop to his idle delay, lays herself down, and receives her dilatory caresses. If the cock meet a young hen, he alters his mode of procedure. He struts in a different manner, less pompously and more energetically, moves with rapidity, sometimes rises from the ground, taking a short flight around the hen, as is the manner of some pigeons, the red-breasted thrush, and many other birds; and on alighting, runs with all his might, at the same time rubbing his tail and wings along the ground for the space of, perhaps, ten yards. He then draws near the timorous female, allays her fears by purring, and when she at length assents, caresses her."

These birds are procured in the following manner:—

"But the most common method of procuring wild turkeys, is by means of pens. These are placed in parts of the woods where turkeys have been frequently observed to roost, and are constructed in the following manner. Young trees, of four or five inches diameter, are cut down, and divided into pieces of the length of twelve or fourteen feet. Two of these are laid on the ground parallel to each other, at a distance of ten or twelve feet. Two other pieces are laid across the ends of these at right angles to them; and in this manner successive layers are added, until the fabric is raised to the height of about four feet. It is then covered with similar pieces of wood, placed three or four inches apart, and loaded with one or two heavy logs to render the whole firm. This done, a trench, about eighteen inches in depth and width, is cut under one side of the cage, into which it opens slantingly and rather abruptly. It is continued on its outside to some distance, so as gradually to attain the level of the surrounding ground. Over the part of this trench within the pen, and close to the wall, some sticks are placed so as to form a kind of bridge about a foot in breadth. The trap being now finished, the owner places a quantity of Indian corn in the centre, as well as in the trench, and as he walks off drops here and there a few grains in the woods, sometimes to the distance of a mile. This is repeated at every visit to

the trap, after the turkeys have found it. Sometimes two trenches are cut, in which case the trenches enter on opposite sides of the trap, and are both strewn with corn. No sooner has a turkey discovered the train of corn, than it communicates the circumstance to the flock by a chuk, when all of them come up, and searching for the grains scattered about, at length come upon the trench, which they follow, squeezing themselves one after another through the passage under the bridge. In this manner the whole flock sometimes enters, but more commonly six or seven only, as they are alarmed by the least noise, even the cracking of a tree in frosty weather. Those within, having gorged themselves, raise their heads, and try to force their way through the top or sides of the pen, passing and repassing on the bridge, but never for a moment looking down, or attempting to escape through the passage by which they entered. Thus they remain, until the owner of the trap arriving, closes the trench, and secures his captives. I have heard of eighteen turkeys having been caught in this manner at a single visit to the trap. I have many of these pens myself, but never found more than seven in them at a time. One winter I kept an account of the produce of a pen which I visited daily, and found that seventy-six had been caught in it, in about two months. When these birds are abundant, the owners of the pens sometimes become satiated with their flesh, and neglect to visit the pens for several days, in some cases for weeks. The poor captives thus perish for want of food; for, strange as it may seem, they scarcely ever regain their liberty, by descending into the trench and retracing their steps. I have more than once found four or five, and even ten, dead in a pen, through inattention. Where wolves or lynxes are numerous, they are apt to secure the prize before the owner of the trap arrives. One morning I had the pleasure of securing in one of my pens a fine black wolf, which, on seeing me, squatted, supposing me to be passing in another direction."

Leaving the turkey we shall introduce our readers to a very different bird, the white-headed eagle, the emblem of the United States, a circumstance which excites the ire and indignation of our author, who has no opinion of its character. Who would wish to be the unlucky swan in our next extract, pursued by one of these relentless tyrants of the air? It affords a fair specimen of our author's graphic power.

"The figure of this noble bird is well known throughout the civilised world, emblazoned as it is on our national standard, which waves in the breeze of every clime, bearing to distant lands the remembrance of a great people living in a state of peaceful freedom. May that peaceful freedom last for ever! The great strength, daring, and cool courage of the white-headed eagle, joined to his unequalled power of flight, render him highly conspicuous among his brethren. To these qualities did he add a generous disposition towards others, he might be looked up to as a model of nobility. The ferocious, overbearing, and tyrannical temper which is ever and anon displaying itself in his actions, is, nevertheless, best adapted to his state, and was wisely given him by the Creator to enable him to perform the office assigned to him. To give you, kind reader, some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl, on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and, should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call, the male partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species, the teal, the widgeon, the mallard, and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current; but the eagle heeds them not: they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream,—for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight: her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, the male bird, with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun. Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star; and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manoeuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air, by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with its talons the under side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deeper than ever into the heart of the dying swan. He shrieks with delight as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt at it can possibly be. The female has watched every movement of her mate; and, if she did not assist in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the

deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore."

The following is a ludicrous instance of voracity in one of these birds: —

"It does not confine itself to these kinds of food, but greedily devours young pigs, lambs, fawns, poultry, and the putrid flesh of carcasses of every description, driving off the vultures and carrion-crows, or the dogs, and keeping a whole party at defiance until it is sated. It frequently gives chase to the vultures, and forces them to disgorge the contents of their stomachs, when it alights and devours the filthy mass. A ludicrous instance of this took place near the city of Natchez, on the Mississippi. Many vultures were engaged in devouring the body and entrails of a dead horse, when a white-headed eagle accidentally passing by, the vultures all took to wing—one among the rest with a portion of the entrails partly swallowed, and the remaining part, about a yard in length, dangling in the air. The eagle instantly marked him, and gave chase. The poor vulture tried in vain to disgorge, when the eagle, coming up, seized the loose end of the gut, and dragged the bird along for twenty or thirty yards, much against its will, until both fell to the ground, when the eagle struck the vulture, and in a few moments killed it, after which he swallowed the delicious morsel."

With this we must for the present week conclude, being reluctantly compelled, by our limits, to leave unnoticed several especial favourites—but as we intend to return to the work, we do not so much regret it.

[To be continued.]

The Acharnenses of Aristophanes, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, adapted to the Use of Schools and Universities. By T. Mitchell, A.M., &c. 8vo. pp. 276. London, 1835. Murray.

THE spirit of a nation is never so well displayed in any branch of its literature, as in its comic drama and its ballads. Tragedy and history, from the very universality of the passions and motives which they depict, are destitute of this mark of individuality; and instructive though they be, they do not bring us so intimately acquainted with the mental formation (if we may use the term) of their actors, as is the case with Comedy. The latter, "shooting folly as it flies," transports us at once into the very inmost privacy of its *dramatis persona*: they are living and moving beings,—we see them, we hear them. We can in some measure enter into the feelings of a Medea or an *Oedipus*; but still, there appears to be an impassable gulf placed between us and them. They are not as if cast in the same mould with ourselves—they are beings of another stamp, "with whom to err seems virtue." How valuable, then, must be even the relics of the comedy of a nation so distinguished as the Athenians? How must we deplore the loss of the works of Cratinus, Menander, Epicharmus? As we cannot restore them, let us prize the higher what we have left. Abounding with wit, humour, and licentiousness, Aristophanes, like our own dramatists at the end of the seventeenth century, bears us irresistibly along with him; and we are scarcely able to blame him from the excess of our merriment. The *Acharnes*, one of the most enter-taining of his plays, is now before us, edited in a manner which leaves us nothing to be wished: Mr. Mitchell has nobly fulfilled his task, and will, we trust, persevere in it. The

following we extract, from the notes, as a fair specimen of our editor's abilities. It is on Dicaeopolis's soliloquy:—

"*γέρων.* Nothing can be more masterly, and if such expressions may be allowed in discussing a comedian's merit, nothing more logically correct and even philosophical, than the train of thought exhibited in this soliloquy. Full of high resolve (of what nature will presently be seen), Dicaeopolis repairs to the place of public meeting, and finds it empty. The sigh, the yawn, the shifting, and unsettled movement, evince his disappointment; but solitude soon becomes a painful as well as an unwelcome monitor: the loftier intentions, like Acres's *valour*, gradually give way; and 'the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' What was the resolve, and whence the hesitation? The prefatory remarks prefixed to this play will explain the one, and the word here selected for illustration will, I think, decide the other. Sick of the horrors of a protracted and all but civil war, Dicaeopolis appears to have sought the ecclesia, either with the materials of a written speech, meant to arraign the mad policy of his countrymen, or (what is more probable) with the outlines of a bill in his hand, for the purpose of effecting by a vote of the assembly, what he is afterwards obliged to accomplish by a special messenger. But the fear of finding himself in a dangerous minority makes the worthy legislator pause; and hence 'I dare not' waits upon 'I would.' The pause, however, is but momentary; the writing materials are again in his hand, and again 'a change comes o'er the shadow of his dream.' The 'plucked hair' (*ἀρραγμένης λούσαι*) shews his anxiety and his irresolution—the calculations made, pro and con, (*λογιζόμενος*), evince at once his fears and his prudence: the balance, however, is at last struck, and what gives the casting weight? Standing where Dicaeopolis does, his beloved borough is not so far distant, but his 'mind's eye' can bear him to it. The thoughts of rural life, and all its cheap and sweet amusements crowd upon his thoughts, while the city lying below him only reminds him of the inconveniences and miseries attendant upon the compulsory residence within its walls, to which the stern policy of Pericles had condemned him. His courage is now screwed to the sticking point; and come what may, he determines that no word shall proceed from him in the assembly, but that which forms the key-stone to half the surviving comedies of Aristophanes; Peace, Peace, Peace! Such I believe to be the true meaning of this passage, though I must not dissemble that no countenance is given to this explanation by the Scholiast, by Brunck, or the two able German translators of this play, Wieland and Voss. It only remains to furnish such parallel passages as may enable the reader to decide for himself between the two meanings here assigned to the verb *γέρων*. The first need not detain us long. Prepared speeches must, from the nature of things, have been very common at Athens; and in fact one use of the program, issued preparatory to an ecclesia, must have been for the purpose of enabling the speakers to come thus prepared. Reiske imagines that the orators of antiquity not unfrequently had these written speeches in their hand, for the purposes of reference. In the tumultuous assemblies of Athens, the same accident must have frequently befallen public speakers, as that which happened to Demosthenes, when addressing Philip before his court."

The following translation, though not from

the comedy before us, is well done. Dicaeopolis is speaking of the Dionysiacs:—

"*Ζεὺς αὐθεντίας.* The sense of smelling is still more powerfully affected in the bystanders, when, instead of a temporary truce, the goddess of Peace herself, with her two companions, Opora and Theoria,—the one the representative of those sacred spectacles which took place with so much pomp and festivity among the ancient Greeks, and the other of that fruitfulness and plenteousness which are the general accompaniments of peace—are brought upon the stage. The following lines will serve to convey the poet's general ideas; but they in no way assume to themselves the character of accuracy of translation, or even of arrangement.

"*Tryg.* Ever lovely, ever dear,
How may I salute thine ear!
Oh what size of words may tell
Half the charms that in thee dwell!
In thy sight joy and pleasure,
Without stint and without measure.
In the breath is all the filings,
Sense and thought of choice things;
Dropping odours—racy wine—
Fragrant spike and nard divine.

Chor. Pipe, and lute, and dance, are there,
Tragic pomp and stately air;
With the Sophoclean strain,
When he's in his noblest vein,
And the dancier lays that please,
Falling from Euripides.

"*Tryg. (interrupting.)* Out upon thee, fit for shame!
Vex me not with such a name!
Half a pleader, half a bard,
How may such win her regard!

Chor. O she's joy and recreation,
Vintage in full operation,
Vat and cask in requisition—
Strainer making inquisition
In the new-press'd grape and wine,
What is foul and what is fine!
Round, meantime, the fleecy brood
Clamour for their fragrant food—
Which, by village dame or maid
Bosom-laden, is convey'd.
Thus without, while all within
Marks the harvest's jovial din:
Hand to hand the goblets flying,
Or in sweet disorder lying:
Sert and master, slave and free,
Joining in the gladsome glee
Of a general jollity.
These and thousand blessings more
Peace hath ever yet in store."

ARTS AND SCIENCES. LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read a paper by Dr. Thomas Taylor, entitled *De Marchantia*. The author in this communication has given a complete monograph of the species of this group of the *Hepaticæ*, which he distributes into five genera. It will be obvious that no analysis of such a paper as this can be made. Mr. Ward, one of the fellows, exhibited specimens of the fruit of the *Artocarpus incisa*, or bread-fruit-tree; and of the *Bilighia sapida*, or butter-nut; and also specimens of various woods from the Society Islands.

* ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—In our last week's report we noticed a communication by Professor Rigaud, entitled some particulars of the Life of Dr. Halley, but at that time presented no analysis of it, as we did not wish to make our report too long. The MS. memoir, containing the particulars here alluded to, was found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; it is a small quarto, and consists of twenty leaves. The author is not known, but it appears that he was of Cambridge University, was acquainted with Halley and Dr. Sykes the orientalist, and wrote before Halley's manuscript observations were out of the hands of his executors. It farther appears that it was

Dr. Halley's intention, very early in life, to form a new catalogue of stars from actual observation; but finding that this ground was already occupied by Hevelius and Flamsteed, he directed his attention to the southern hemisphere; and, under the sanction of Charles the Second, he was dispatched to the island of St. Helena, furnished with necessary instruments. He, immediately on his arrival in the island, set himself to work, and from his observations deduced the catalogue of southern stars which was published in 1679. After some journeys on the continent, he returned to England, and in 1682 married Mrs. Mary Tooke. Intending now to settle some time at home, he resolved to pursue his astronomical observations, and therefore fixed the sextant which he had at St. Helena, in a small observatory which he had fitted up at Islington, where he carried on a regular course of observations (of the moon principally), from 7th November, 1682, to 16th June, 1684, the account of which is published at the end of Street's *Astronomia Carolina*. When the great re-coining of clipped money was made by King William III., five mints were erected for that purpose out of London: and Dr. Halley was appointed Comptroller of the Mint at Chester. In 1698 he was directed by his majesty to proceed on a voyage for determining the law of the variation of the magnetic needle; and in 1701 he was instructed to make observations on the tides in the English channel, and to take the bearings of the different headlands on the coast. At the anniversary of the Royal Society in 1713, he was chosen secretary in the room of Sir Hans Sloane, who resigned that office: and on the decease of Mr. Flamsteed, at the close of the year 1719, he was recommended by the Earl of Macclesfield, then Lord Chancellor, by the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary of State, and by others, as the fittest person to fill the office of astronomer royal, to which situation he was appointed on Feb. 9, 1719-20, and which he held to the day of his death. Among the circumstances here recorded, and which are not very usually mentioned—if, indeed, they are known at all, are—Halley's appointment to the mint—his having drawn up a synopsis of Newton's System for the use of James II., at the desire of the latter—his first voyage was, by express direction, meant to be one of discovery in the southern ocean—and that his acquaintance with Newton began about 1684.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

AT the usual monthly meeting, held on Monday evening, Lieut.-Col. Sykes, V.P., in the chair, several donations of books, &c., were announced, members proposed, and Messrs. Chadwick and Buckle appointed auditors for the year. The concluding portion of Mr. Jacob's "Observations respecting statistical knowledge as regards the state of the nation," was the first paper read, and proved equally interesting with the preceding division of it. In this portion of his subject, the writer, after enumerating and treating in detail the chief productions of our soil, such as coal, salt, clay for potteries, tin, copper, lead, &c., suggests a mode by which to arrive at such periodical authenticated information, as may enable us to form right conclusions respecting the increase or decrease of their consumption, whether in regard to their use in manufacturing purposes, or to their exportation in a raw state. On the subject of houses, the writer's remarks are too apposite to be passed over. "There is," says he, "one branch of industry of an anomalous

character, which well deserves attention—that of building houses. It is as much a manufacture as that of weaving clothes, or forging iron implements, and in its increase has kept pace with the increase of all other means of creating wealth. It is of importance, because it is the best evidence, in a great measure, of a previously accumulated capital, and it is one of the modes by which additional capital is created; which capital is again distributed among the several classes of the people who prepare the various component parts applied to the construction, so as to benefit the whole community. It is perhaps to be regretted, that in the census of 1831 the number of houses has not been enumerated, as they were in the three preceding decennial censuses, which shewed from each period to the next a regular increase. In the absence of this specific statement, it will afford some assistance to refer to the particulars of the house-tax, in each year, collected by the Tax-Office; and the tax on bricks and tiles will corroborate their result, and perhaps shew a continued advancement in the creation of this description of wealth." Speaking of timber and of shipping, (as far, that is, as the two subjects are connected), Mr. Jacob observes, "The number and tonnage of the ships belonging to the empire are so accurately registered, that it would have been unnecessary to have done more than barely refer to those accounts, but from the connection between house and ship-building, as far as regards the supply of timber for both purposes. It would be very desirable to know what proportion the timber, the production of our own soil used in these two branches, bears to that which is imported from other countries, including both our own colonies and foreign territories. The difficulty of arriving at an accurate result on this topic is certainly great; but it ought not on that account to be overlooked; since, if precision cannot be attained, such an approximation may be made as would become of considerable value."

Agriculture and the colonies next fall under Mr. Jacob's able review; and the different manufactures of cotton, woollen, and linen goods, of hardware and metals, and of earthenware (the raw materials from which each of these branches of manufacture is produced, having previously been considered under their respective heads), are entered into in detail, with the view to shew how returns connected with them are best and most readily to be obtained; for, says the talented writer, "When, by any of the branches of industry, the beneficial application of labour is productive of wealth, the steps which lead to the results, and the extent to which they are carried on, are worthy of notice." And again: "The five subjects immediately touched upon (alluding to those enumerated above), have many circumstances in common, out of which various suggestions present themselves for consideration; while these manufactures have perhaps been among the chief sources of the wealth with which this country abounds. [This observation as to the wealth of the country might at first sight appear somewhat paradoxical, and would be utterly at variance with what we hear of the prevalence of public distress at the present moment, did we not bear in mind that the wealth thus accumulated, and with which it cannot be denied the country *really does* abound, has reverted, like the revenues of the Church, into comparatively few hands.] Without entering into the different questions of the extent to which they have been the means of wealth, their condition and progress, from time to time, become an object deserving our constant attention."

Finally, having thus far entered into an analysis only of those branches of the public service which are productive of revenue, the writer argues for the necessity of including in statistical information, in order to its full development, those which are merely departments of expenditure. As, however, the accounts connected with these last are annually laid before parliament, he does not do more than enumerate them—the principal being the navy, the army, and the ordnance, the courts of law and of police, and the expense of the coinage. "It would, however, be desirable (continues he) to collect and arrange periodically the state of crime, of insolvency, and of mendicity, as well as the amount of county, church, and poor-rates (more especially the latter), in each parish; while there are other accounts which it is difficult to arrange under distinct heads, which may be of considerable benefit in shewing the increase of wealth from one period to another: and among these may be cited the amount of the tonnage which passes along the several canals, &c. of the kingdom, and that admitted into the artificial docks of London, Liverpool, Hull, Bristol, and other places where they have been constructed. The amount, too, of money invested in the several savings-banks in the kingdom, classed according to the amount of the several investments, would tend to throw light both on the accumulation and distribution of capital. Few results are more desirable to arrive at than some valuation which could be relied on of the wealth, personal and real, of the kingdom; and it will be obvious that this idea has been constantly in the view of the writer whilst drawing up these pages. The effect of it would then be, that a comparison might be made between the amount so arrived at and that of what is denominated the national debt, which is indeed but a charge on the whole property of the community, including the funds themselves, in favour of a part of the same community."

We must here take our leave of Mr. Jacob, thanking him heartily for the information which he has been the means of affording us. We have, however, to regret, that the length of the present notice, which has intruded far beyond our prescribed limits, prevents us from giving, as it so well deserves, a detailed account of the second paper read to the meeting, and which closed the business of the evening. It was an analysis by Mr. Drinkwater, of Quadri's statistical account of the Venetian provinces, with introductory observations by Mr. Drinkwater. We must refer, therefore, such of our Italian readers as are seekers of what is at once curious, interesting, and instructive, in the statistics of Venice, to the work itself—not doubting but they will experience, on perusing it, the same gratification as we did whilst listening to Mr. Drinkwater's memoir; although we fear that much time must necessarily be employed and labour used, before they can hope to arrive at the results which Mr. Drinkwater has been at the pains to lay before us in so compressed, well-digested, and comprehensive a form.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JAN. 13. George Guthrie, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—Recent specimens in leaf of a vast number of medicinal plants were on the table, together with a beautiful one of the *Helleborus niger* in flower. The circumstance of so many being in leaf at the present season, was mentioned as an instance of the extraordinary mildness of the winter. Dr. Sigmund made some observations on the different plants. With

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND

regard to the camphor laurel, of which there was a very fine specimen, he observed, that it was now ascertained that the camphor of commerce was procured from a tree growing in Sumatra, called the *Dryobalanops*, in which it was found in a concrete state in the cavities and fissures. He exhibited a fine specimen of the wood of the *Laurus camphora*, which had been exposed to the rays of the sun; and it was singular to observe that it had extracted the camphor, which had crystallised in a very beautiful manner, on the sides of the bottle in which the wood was contained. An essay by M. Lecanu on the *Iris fatidissima*, and one by Dr. Lombard, of Geneva, on the use of tincture of aconite in acute rheumatism, were read, and several cases of its success were enumerated.

Friday, Jan. 16. The anniversary meeting was held, Henry Brandreth, Esq. F.S.A. in the chair.—Earl Stanhope was elected president; Dr. Sigmund and Dr. Cadett, secretaries; Gilbert Burnett, Esq., Thomas Everitt, Esq., and Dr. Ryan, professor of botany, chemistry, and materia medica; Sir Henry Halford, Sir James Macgrigor, A. White, Esq., H. Brandreth, Esq., G. Guthrie, Esq., &c. members of the council. The several reports of the secretaries, treasurers, librarian, &c. were read, by which it appeared that the society was in a very prosperous state.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 14th.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—C. Thornton, Christ Church, Grand Compteur; Rev. G. S. Menteth, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. G. Lawford, Wadham College; J. H. T. Allen, Brasenose College; Rev. H. Jelly, St. Alban Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. A. Harvey, St. Edmund Hall; E. W. Pears, Demy, Magdalen College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUBBOCK in the chair.—There were read “Observations on the temperature of the sea and atmosphere,” made in a voyage from India to England in 1833, by Alexander Burnes, Esq. These observations are given in a tabular form; and the result shews a pretty close resemblance between the temperature of the sea and that of the atmosphere. Another communication was read, viz. “Remarks by Dr. Davy on Mr. Faraday’s experimental researches in electricity.” We must deal briefly with this paper. Dr. Davy complains that Mr. Faraday “is neither just to his brother (Sir Humphry) nor correct,” in his general scientific deductions. He contends it is apparent from the writings of Sir Humphry Davy, that the latter was fully in possession of the knowledge of the influence of water in voltaic combination, electro-chemical action, &c. &c. A note in answer to the foregoing by Mr. Faraday was then read. It was an eloquent tribute to the transcendent merits of Sir H. Davy. Mr. Faraday, in the outset, observes, that he has no right to suppose Dr. Davy does not understand the series of papers which form the grounds of his remarks; yet, from these remarks themselves, he must think so. He then directs attention to a paper, long and laborious, which he had the high pleasure of seeing published in the *Philosophical Transactions* last year, in support and confirmation of the general views of Sir Humphry, and quotes very happily the opinions expressed by Brade, Ure, and others on the subject. Finally, he observes, that the only conclusion he can come to is, that the language of Sir H. Davy is obscure, even to his brother; and if so, Mr. Faraday has no right

to expect that his words should be rightly taken by the learned doctor.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MEETING of June 7th, Rev. Dr. Spy in the chair.—The conclusion of a memoir by Mr. Cullimore, on bilingual hieroglyphics, and cuneiform inscriptions, was read.

In the autumn of last year some drawings were transmitted to the Society from Syria, by Mr. Bonomi, representing certain tablets both hieroglyphic and cuneiform, found together among several more modern inscriptions on the rocks of Elkels (the ancient Lycus), near Beyrouth.* Such monuments of this description, as were hitherto known to the learned, have been referred to Cyrus, and his immediate successors; the present writer, however, having discovered the name of Ramses II. on the hieroglyphic tablets, argued at length against the correctness of this view, as adopted by Grotfend, Champollion, and their followers, assigning to them the much higher antiquity of an age coeval with that of the tablet of Abydos, which we owe to the same remarkable monarch. By means of the historical and chronological evidence adduced in support of this opinion, he determined the epoch of the arts and sciences in Egypt, which continued in a state of progressive advancement during at least twenty-three reigns, from the age of Osirtesen I. or the beginning of the eighteenth century B.C., to Ramses II.

The writer thence proceeded to consider the parallel epoch unfolded in the Persian archaeology. This he discovers in the age of the great civiliser and benefactor of his country, King Jemsheed, which, as calculated from the calendar compiled by Jemsheed himself, corresponds to the above date, or about 1800 years. Hence the rise of literature and the arts in Egypt and Persepolis will appear to have been synchronous. Equally parallel seems likewise to have been their duration, extending to within eleven centuries of the Christian era. This was shewn from arguments founded on the identity of the Egyptian and Persepolitan calendars; the former appearing to have been introduced into the east about the time of the overthrow of the race of Jemsheed. Hence, again, arises a suspicion, that to the conquering armies of Egypt we are to attribute this revolution, which occurred in a period coincident with the reign of Ramses II.; may we not, therefore, reasonably attribute the decline of the Persepolitan splendour to that eminent Pharaoh, and view Mr. Bonomi’s tablets as records immediately connected with his victorious expedition?

A paper by Mr. Hamilton was likewise read, on a new reading in the fourth book of Thucydides. The passage occurs in the forty-first chapter, in the course of the oration pronounced by Pericles over those Athenian citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war. The words referred to are those in which, according to the editors, the orator alludes to the monuments everywhere planted by the Athenians, “both of good and evil,” *καλῶν τις αἰγάλων*, to the ravages they had committed and the benefits they had conferred.

Nothing, certainly, can be more inappropriate to the occasion and the speaker than this reading. The writer also stated his opinion, that the arguments and examples adduced in confirmation of it do not bear it out. He proposes, therefore, to substitute *καλῶν τις αἰγάλων* as a probable sense, and one entirely applicable

to the sentiment which never failed to be in the heart, and upon the lips of the people of Athens, when they spoke of the glory of their country, or the worth of their fellow-citizens. This reading has, besides, the support of two of the manuscripts of the historian of the Peloponnesian war.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Thorpe presented to the Society a copy of Junius’ edition of Cædmons Paraphrase interleaved, with a Latin translation and notes by Lye and Manning. Mr. Sinclair exhibited a very fine silver medal of Constantine Paleologus, the last of the Byzantine emperors. Mr. Kempe exhibited five drawings, from a series in his possession, executed by Byzantine artists, in confirmation of his opinion that the sculptures in Chichester Cathedral (drawings of which by Miss Knight were exhibited at the last meeting) were of the Greek school. A communication was read from Mr. Akerman, agreeing with Mr. Kempe’s opinion, but stating that the style of the sculptures referred to was not entirely confined to the Byzantine artists, as appeared by a silver coin of Lorenzo Tiepolo, Doge of Venice in 1267, which he exhibited. Mr. Roland communicated general orders issued by the protector and council for the peace of the commonwealth in 1655, directed to commissioners for the several counties, with instructions for the execution of the orders, addressed to certain commissioners for the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen. Mr. Wallis, through Mr. Davis Gilbert, communicated accounts of receipts for old materials and expenses incurred, in rebuilding the church of Bodmin in Cornwall in 1469, 70, and 71.

PHRENOLOGY.

Casket of Knowledge.—A very prettily executed production, from the German, has appeared under this title,* and designed to illustrate phrenology, and what the disciples of that school call its moral influence. Forty cards are contained in a box resembling a small neat volume, and an embossed head, figured in the usual way, serves as an index to their explanations of the system. We have run them over, and been much amused, as we think even phrenologists must be, with their quaint simplicities and other droll matters. We have first a card of the faculties—1. the instructive propensities and sentiments, twenty in number; 2. the intellectual, fifteen; and, 3. the subservient one, viz. language. Here we learn that “destructiveness” is a “preservative faculty,” and “imitative” a “moral sentiment.” Thus destructives ought to be conservatives, and monkeys full of moral sentiment. In a survey of the contour, we are told that “language occupies the eyes;” while the ignorant might be apt to think it more likely to occupy the mouth—notwithstanding what lovers say of a language of the eyes. Card 1. describes Zeugmunstreib, or amativeness; and an odd story is told of a madman, “whose disease was confined to one side of his head, the patient having the power to perceive his own malady with the unimpaired faculties of the other side”!! What a superb case this would be for the medical profession, and a sensible jury *de lunatico inquendo!* the verdict would depend upon which side of the head took up the defence. By card 2. Kinderliebe, or philoprogenitiveness, we perceive that cuckoos want this organ, which is the reason why they lay their eggs in other birds’ nests. We are not going over the pack, but will merely note a few more. 5. is Muth

* A cast of the most remarkable of the tablets has since arrived in England.

rausinn, or combativeness ; and being situate behind the ear, induces cowards to scratch that part when they are frightened, as if desirous to excite the latent courage which ought to be there. 8. is Eigenthumsinn, or acquisitiveness—and, among its other abuses, it induces “ literary plagiarism.” “ Calmucks, foxes, cats, magpies, and poets,” have it strongly developed : the heads of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and of the editors of penny publications, are so wonderfully marked with it that there is hardly room on their skulls for any other organ, except bits for self-esteem, marvellousness, secretiveness, and imitation. 11. is Rhumsucht ehrgeitz, or love of approbation—and when a child possesses this (lucky child !) “ it should never be beaten.” Let schoolmasters look for it. 24. Ortsinn, or locality, it appears, directs the bloodhound, and is the *memoria localis* of all birds of passage—with out it they would not fly their country in the way they do, like felons, spendthrifts and bankrupts. Eventuality is a Paul Pry organ ; and Edinburgh is declared to enjoy the distinguished honour of being the centre of phrenological acumen ! !

With this we shut our knowledge-box, and have only one deep regret to express, namely, that it was not published six weeks sooner. If it had, a commission might have been appointed, as in the poor-laws, corporation, and other important affairs, with—say, Lord Headfort resident secretary in London, but Mr. Combe chief commissioner, with full powers to perambulate all the counties, cities, boroughs, &c. of the united kingdom, which return members to parliament, to hold courts of phrenology ; and, after manipulating the candidates for their representation, to decide in favour of those who possessed the most necessary qualifications, as indicated by their cranioscopy : certificates of their prominent faculties might also have been given to present with their other documents to the speaker, so that in the course of the session they might be employed on committees, &c. agreeably to their organisation : philoprogenitives might consider the bastardy clause in the poor-laws, amatives the dissenters’ marriage-act, combatives and destructives the army and navy estimates, acquisitives the currency, gustatives the corn and provision laws, secreteives negotiations, constructives the new houses of parliament, and so forth through the whole system. What a saving of confusion might thus have been effected—and the glory of England exalted to the utmost pitch of exaltation by the First Phrenological Parliament ! !

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

A CONVERSAZIONE given by this Society took place on Tuesday, when many matters in unison with their plan, and of much importance to the cultivation of English architecture, were brought forward. The principal feature of the evening (which was altogether pleasant and intellectual) was a lecture on Porticos, delivered by Mr. Hakewill, of which, and of the exhibited models on which it was founded, we hope to give a more detailed account in our next. Meanwhile we beg to offer this humble encouragement to the public well-doing of the Association.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Winkles’s Cathedrals. Illustrations of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury. The Description by Thomas Moule. No. I. Wilson. “ The cathedral church of Salisbury,” says Mr. Moule, whose knowledge and taste with

reference to such subjects are well known to the public, “ is distinguished as the most uniform structure, as well as being the most perfect and original example in the whole series of magnificent edifices, devoted to the choral service of the church, in England. The erection of this church at the commencement of the reign of Henry III., marks a decided epoch in English architecture, the very beautiful pointed style having then been brought to its utmost perfection. Excepting in the singular instance of Westminster Abbey Church, erected in the same reign, no comparison with that of Salisbury has ever been adduced, and this cathedral, from its importance and magnitude, stands unrivalled as a point whence the architectural antiquity may safely draw a conclusion regarding the precise period of the great change in the ecclesiastical style of building. A very experienced critic has given it as his opinion, that this interesting church, so remarkable in its design for purity, simplicity, and grandeur, holds the same high rank in English architecture which the Parthenon bears in the Grecian.”

Such being the case, it has been well selected to place in the van of this new publication, which, if it proceed as it has commenced, must prove very acceptable to those lovers of architectural antiquities, to whom the high price of other works of similar nature renders them inaccessible. The plates of which the present number is composed do Messrs. H. and B. Winkles great credit. The “ Entrance to the Chapter-house” is an deceptive as a dioramic effect ; for we really thought, on first looking at it, that a sunbeam was actually crossing the page ; and both the “ South-east View,” and the “ View from South to North Transept,” are executed with great care and beauty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

(Fourth Series.)

The Huron’s Child.—Herder.

THE only child within the tent,
Beneath the old fir-tree :
How pleasantly his days were spent—
The young, the glad, the free.
Not rosy, like an English child :
His cheek was dark and pale,
And black the long straight hair that wild
Was toss’d upon the gale.

And yet the child was beautiful,
And graceful as the fawn,
That at the noon tide stoops to pull
The grass of some wood lawn.

He sat beside his mother’s knee
The long and lonely day,
While, seeking where the deer might be,
His father was away.

He loved to hear her mournful song,
Her song of love and fear ;
And never seem’d the day too long
With that sweet listener near.

At night it was a cheerful thing
To watch their hunter craft ;
With feathers from the eagle’s wing
They plumed the slender shaft.

Listened the child with eager joy
To all his father told—
Who’d watch his eyes and say, “ my boy
Will be a hunter bold.”

But showers are on a sunny sky,
And sorrow follows mirth ;
The shadow of the grave was nigh
To that devoted hearth.

The child so loved, the child so young,
Grew paler day by day—
A weight upon his spirits hung,
They watched him pine away.

One night upon his mother’s arm
He leaned his weary head ;
She whispered many a prayer and charm
In vain—the child was dead !

They laid him in a little grave,
Washed by the morning dew,
Which falls whene’er the pine boughs wave,
As they were weeping too.

Still night and morn upon the wind
Was heard her funeral cry—
“ My child, why am I left behind ?
My child, why wouldst thou die ?”

The father’s moan was never heard—
None saw him weep or sigh ;
Upon his lip there was no word,
But death was in his eye.

The moon above the funeral ground
Had just her race begun ;
The hunter, ere her orb was round,
Lay sleeping with his son.

And then the mother ceased to weep,
And, with a patient grief,
Sang her sad songs, and strewed their sleep
With many a flower and leaf.

A white man, who was wandering lone
From some far distant shore,
And, wondering, asked, “ When all are gone,
Why dost thou weep no more ?”

The woman raised her languid head,
And said, “ My child was weak—
He knew no one amid the dead
His daily food to seek !

My husband was a hunter good
As ever arrows bore :
I know my child will now have food,
Therefore I weep no more.

I sit and think upon the past,
And sing my mournful strain :
I know that we shall meet at last,
And never part again.”

“ Oh ! strong in love,” the traveller cried,
“ Worthy a hope divine—
I would that all whom God hath tried,
Had faith as meek as thine ! ” L. E. L.

The Message.—Anon.

A MOMENT, ladye nightingale !
A maiden sits alone,
With the moonlight falling round her—
My loved one, and my own.
Say sweetest things, in singing,
To this dear love of mine ;
I cannot trust my messages
To any voice but thine. L. E. L.

The Empire of Woman.—Schiller.

HER might is gentleness—she winneth sway
By a soft word, and by a softer look ;
Where she, the gentle-loving one, hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed.
Strength, power, and majesty, belong to man ;
They make the glory native to his life ;
But sweetness is a woman’s attribute—
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.
There have been some who, with a mightier
mind,
Have won dominion—but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful :—
Sweet sovereigns in their natural loveliness.
L. E. L.

The Warrior's Feast.—Körner.

[By a Young Friend.]

MOUNT, warrior mount, in thy armed array,
Free by thy path on the world's high way;
Threats may defy thee, and foes may be near,
But thy heart and thy hand are too strong for
fear.

Quicker, quicker, my noble horse!
We are bound for a banquet bold,
And ere this sword be too late for the feast,
This hand shall be stiff and cold.

The warrior looks up to the cloudless sky,
Thence comes the courage that fills his eye;
But it turns not down to the earth beneath,
Where soon it may sleep in the arms of death.

Care and sorrow are left behind,
The wife and child adored;
Freedom or death before him stand,
And at his side his sword.

He goes where the bridal banquet is spread,
A marriage crown waits the victor's head;
He who would let the fair bride wait,
Hie be the brave man's scorn and hate.

Fair honour is the wedding guest,
Our native land the bride;
True of heart must the lover be
Who standeth at her side.

How shall we honour the bold bridegroom?
He hath woed his bride at the gates of the
tomb—

Gloomy death was hovering near
When he kissed from her cheek the falling
tear.

Crown his brow with a wreath of oak,
Let white hands place it there;
The hero's head should be garlanded
By the fingers of the fair.

Freedom's flag is in fortune's grasp,
Let it furl or flow in that fickle clasp;
But never that banner shall fall to the ground,
While swords in German hands are found.

The freedom of our father-land
Our swords shall still maintain,
In red retreat, or dark defeat,
Or on the conquered plain.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

THE following unpublished letter of Lord Byron, in one line tells more of a real history than all that has been written about his chivalrous expedition to Greece. We give it without a comment: could we see behind every curtain, how many heroic actions and heroic deaths, too, would be found to ally themselves in connection with folly.

"Copy of an (original, unpublished) Letter from Lord Byron
to the Countess Guiccioli.

"My dearest T.—Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island—our earthquakes—our politics—and present abode in a pretty village—but he has not told you the result of one of his gallantries, which I leave to himself to describe.

"As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here, but being here I must see what is to be done. If we were not at such a distance, I could tell you many things that would make you smile, but I hope to do so at no very long period.

"Pray keep well, and love me as you are beloved by

"Yours, ever,

"A. a * * * in c.

"N. B."

"A Sua Eccellenza, La Siga. Consa. Teresa
Gamba Guiccioli, a Bologna."

It is seldom the English reader is troubled with any thing of Maltese literature, but we have just seen a Maltese song (we might almost call it an epigram), the turn of which strikes us as being peculiarly happy, and we have been obliged with a copy for our page. From the

want of types we cannot even print the four lines of which it is composed, but the first is within our compass, and we add the whole translation.

Min Eltna Eit-tama.

He who too far indulges hope,
Will find how soon hope fails;
He's like a seaman bottling wind
Wherewith to fill his sail!

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The late Prince Hoare, Esq.—This estimable gentleman, of whose life we gave a brief sketch in our last paper of the departed year, has bequeathed his excellent library (with a few exceptions to personal friends) to the Royal Society of Literature, of which he was an original and ever a zealous member. This will several thousand volumes be added to the already literary treasures of this institution; and, probably, by the authorised sale of duplicate copies a considerable sum of money besides. In the memoir to which we have alluded, the writer mentioned that Mr. Hoare had "greatly assisted in the formation of the Society" to which he has left this valuable legacy; but he was not aware of the whole extent of its previous obligation to him. While the facts are in the memory of several living witnesses, and are well known to the editor of this journal, who was (he is proud to say) associated with Mr. Hoare in the effort, it belongs to the history of our age's literature to give them to the public. After very numerous meetings for between one and two years, and great progress in the difficult task of framing the constitution of the proposed Royal Institution, all at once a cloud was cast over the plan. Among its constant friends and attendants, one now a noble earl, a noble lord once premier of England, another noble lord once at the head of its finance, a venerable bishop of much influence, and indeed the majority of the committee, impressed with a belief that the king's mind had been changed on the subject, and particularly by the arguments in a long letter written by Sir Walter Scott, abandoned the design as hopeless, and advised that there should be no farther meetings.* The learned and excellent prelate, the president to whom his majesty had confided the formation of his favourite Society to encourage and reward the literary genius of his country, was almost inclined to yield to these representations, and we believe it was at a subsequent meeting of not more than five, including him (the Bishop of Salisbury), Archdeacon Nares, Mr. Hoare, and the writer of this,† that he was strengthened to persevere in his endeavour to accomplish the royal commission delivered *sotto voce* to him in person, till it should be annulled by at least an equally direct regal command to desist. Soon after this (matters proceeding slowly) Mr. Hoare happily went to Brighton, where he had an opportunity through the Rev. Mr. Carr, then chaplain in the pavilion, of ascertaining his majesty's real sentiments. These he communicated to London, and it is hardly necessary to say, that as they were not only favourable but ardent and munificent, the Royal Society of Literature speedily began its career with the splendid endowment from the crown of *eleven hundred guineas a*

year. That the economy of later times has led to the discontinuance of this allowance, which not only cheered the closing lives of eminent scholars and distinguished poets, but shed a lustre over the monarchy, and stimulated the highest orders of literature in England, is, in our opinion, greatly to be deplored. But still it is a consolation to find the Society flourishing on some of these grounds by its own energy; and, while we lament the loss of one of its best and of our own most esteemed friends, to record so noble a proof of his attachment to that which he so warmly served and admired when living. To Prince Hoare, next after the Bishop of Salisbury, the Royal Society of Literature owes its existence; and it is well that its first great posthumous enrichment should flow from the same source.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the season, like the earliest snow-drop of the year, possesses a peculiar charm, and is hailed with a double welcome; first, for its own sake, and next, as being the harbinger of so many similar sources of delight. The agreeable concerts of this society are, for many reasons, particularly adapted to give the keenest edge to these sort of pleasurable anticipations. They are sure to contain something "rich and rare"—some composition which is at once sterling and unacknowledged. Nor is a due regard to novelty their best or their only recommendation; the general good taste of the selections and correctness of the performances, are, in our opinion, still more admirable. We like, too, the plan of not advertising the names of the principal singers beforehand, as we are thereby often agreeably surprised at meeting with some old favourite. By this plan also, the Vocal Society pay their subscribers the compliment of supposing that good music, performed with that excellence which must result from careful rehearsals, will prove sufficiently attractive to them, no matter by whom performed. Another very judicious regulation is, that no singer, however great, is excused from contributing his quota to the chorus; nor is any one that may be found capable, however humble or unknown, denied an opportunity of occasionally coming forward in the *solo*, or *soli*, parts. It is no mean praise to say that the concert of Monday night fully answered our anticipations, and evinced that the society has not been rendered indolent or apathetic by success. The madrigals, though they had been heard before, were listened to again with increased pleasure, and the glee were most exquisitely sung. "The Christian's Prayer," a composition by Spohr, new to this country, contained some passages of great beauty, but did not, as a whole, leave that animated impression which the name of the composer had led us to expect. There appeared to be some fine effects for the chorus, *sotto voce*, which, however, were not performed with all desirable steadiness—it seemed as if the chorus-singers had been seized with a qualm at the sight of the word *pianissimo*. This will, no doubt, be rectified in a future performance; and this composition will probably improve on further acquaintance, like many other excellent things which have been brought forward here, and which we hope will be repeated in due course of time. Some portions of a chorus by Hummel, from the Catholic service "Quodquid in Orbe," were absolutely sublime. Mr. Parry, jun. evinced increased excellence of voice and style, in a song from Haydn's "Orfeo;" and Braham threw

* In matters of so much interest to the literary history of the age, it may be proper to give the names. The originator of the Royal Society of Literature, under the command of George IV., was the then Bishop of St. David's, now of Salisbury. The noblemen referred to are the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Sidmouth (who did not however attend the committee meetings), and Lord Bexley; and the bishop was Majendie, Bishop of Bangor. Carr, soon after Dean of Chichester, was the individual who ascertained his majesty's real sentiments.—*Ed. L. G.*
† We cannot remember the fifth.—*Ed. L. G.*

all his powers of expression into a composition of much merit by the youthful composer, Mr. G. A. Macfarren. But we pass briefly over these, that we may have space to announce the *début* of a very promising vocalist, in the person of Miss Lacy, daughter of Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, who was known and admired as a concert-singer several years ago, but has been long absent from this country. Miss Lacy, in an arduous Italian song by Marliani, exhibited attainments of a very superior order. Pure tone, distinct articulation, neatness and certainty in the *bravura* passages, and a generally polished style, are excellencies seldom found combined in the same performer; yet, as far as once hearing will enable us to judge, Miss Lacy possesses all these. Her intonation, also, was remarkably correct, with one or two trifling exceptions, arising, probably, from the agitation consequent on a first public appearance. Her voice, though of a penetrating quality, is at present deficient in richness, but time will, no doubt, mellow and improve it. When we have heard her in some sterling English song, we shall be better able to judge whether she is likely to prove eventually a *great* as well as a *clever* singer. Mozart's charming quintet from *Zauberflöte*, though *verbally* adapted only for the opera to which it belongs, is *musically* delightful anywhere, especially when performed so well as it was on Monday. Little Master Howe's voice is sweeter than ever, and justice demands a tribute of praise to Miss Woodyatt, for her unaffected and pleasing manner of singing Haydn's canzonet, "Sympathy." This young lady appears to require much encouragement, for her excessive timidity often prevents her from doing herself justice, and sensibly affects her intonation, as was the case on Monday night. But pray, Miss Woodyatt, "be of good courage" for the future, for you have a very sweet voice and excellent musical capabilities, and require only sufficient nerve to enable you to make an advantageous use of them. Q.

DRAMA. KING'S THEATRE.

IT is stated to have at last been arranged that Laporte is to have the Opera House, at the rent of 8000*l.* and to open in March. He is also to have the privilege of giving concerts; and as he has engaged a brilliant corps, we may yet, we trust, look to a season as delightful as brief. In fact, the Opera rarely, or never, had many attractions till about the time now appointed for its commencement.

DRURY LANE.

ON Tuesday Captain Addison gave us another slight and amusing interlude, called the *King's Word*, and founded on an amorous adventure of Charles II. in Cornwall. Only think of the delights of love at the Land's End! Warde, as the king, Cooper, a rough Cornishman, Ellen Tree, his fair wife, and Harley, a silly magistrate, kept up the game in an animated manner till towards the conclusion, when explanations, reclamations, and other serious business rather solemnized the *comique*. The piece was successful.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON the same evening a *rifacimento* of Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, and a *Trip to the Jubilee*, was produced at this theatre, with singing superadded, and under the title of *Off to the Continent*. The first original, with all Farquhar's wit, was never very popular, nor was the second original, divested of his licen-

tiousness, more so. The chief attraction of the *Constant Couple* was in having the butterfly part of *Sir Harry Wildair* personated by the finest comic actress of the day (when ladies in male attire were rare upon the stage), and a zest given to the character by the congenial piety and persiflage of feminine talent. Mr. Wallack played it well, but he was not Mrs. Jordan: and, indeed, a manly man like him could not succeed so entirely. The lower cast was good, and what remained of the dialogue was capitally given by Blanchard, Bartley, Meadows, and Webster. Each was most effective, as far as his part allowed him to be so. Miss Betts was *Angelica*, and sang the songs with purity of execution. Mrs. Faust was *Lady Lurewell*, the love-engrossing woman of fashion—for which it is as well that the stage and the theatre are large.

On Wednesday the managers were good enough to give "a juvenile night," with the horrid dull pantomime at the middle of three pieces. Of course, though the holydays were nearly over before this happy thought occurred, all the little masters and misses yet in town might be expected to attend; and in order to make the matter quite fit for them, and palatable to their moral papas and mammas (anxious, no doubt, to afford their offspring innocent entertainment!), two of the broadest and most objectionable of modern farces were pitched upon as the accompaniments. *A Good-looking Fellow*, and *My Neighbour's Wife*, were admirably selected for "the juvenile night." After affording them such instructive lessons, and teaching their young ideas how to poach, parents, perhaps, had better be invited to sell their daughters, and cut their sons' throats.

ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi gives us nothing to say, but too full every night. We wish, however, the extra-stage pieces were shelved, and one of their own laughable pieces were done in its stead. A new grand affair is forthcoming, when *Pompeii* will conclude the evening's entertainments; which will render a merry interlude the more agreeable.

VICTORIA.

HERE we have had the *Two Murderers* well acted by H. Wallack and Gale, and as we see the original piece announced at the French theatre (Friday), we may notice the opportunity for comparison. Another novelty was produced on Thursday, too late for notice this week.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

OPENED on Monday, under the management of Mrs. Nisbett. The theatre, according to report, is neatly fitted up, and some of the performers and performances good, but the novelties not of much merit.

FRENCH PLAYS.

LAST Saturday the French plays commenced at the Lyceum. The chief novelties of the night being the comedy of *La Mère et la Fille* (par M. M. Empis et Mayeres), and the first appearance of M. Frédéric Lemaitre, who has produced a sensation in this play, and in others of a similar stamp, at Paris. The same was repeated on Tuesday, and we confess having an instinctive abhorrence of intrigues of this revolting description. It may be true, that in an exceedingly artificial and profligate state of society, cases may occur where meretricious mothers form infamous connexions with the affianced bridegrooms of their own daughters;

but they must be rare, and are, at all events, most unfit for the stage. They can point no useful lesson, and that is what the stage pretends to do. Even the bombast and swelling line of tragedy, removing the sense from common life, could hardly render such a plot endurable; but when it is touched up with all the force of domestic truth, it becomes tenfold more objectionable. We believe, and we hope, it will not be repeated.

Having said so much on the graver subject, we have to add, that we received much pleasure from the talent displayed by those of the company, whose exertions we witnessed. M. Lemaitre is evidently a very clever actor, Mdlle. Petit also acceptable, and we liked the little we saw of Mdlle. Magaretti. We observed that gentlemen connected with the press were marched up stairs, instead of having the run of the house. It is nothing to us, but the fourth estate, we think, will hardly submit to this exclusive compliment.

VARIETIES.

War on a New System.—An ingenious fellow near Erfurth has, it is stated, invented a musket without touch-hole or ramrod, the construction of which is so much approved that it is likely to be adopted by the Prussian army. The only way to meet so formidable an engine will be to have muskets without barrels or stocks.

The Indian Performers.—The death of the wife of the Chippewa Chief has really been of too melancholy and tragic a cast for the mimic drama. The anecdotes told of the party are very interesting. The poor female was baptised on the morning previous to her death (Sunday), and had Christian burial on Tuesday. The frantic sorrow of the chief at his loss was of the wildest extravagance; and imputing it to some exposure to the weather since their arrival in England, he would, without a qualm, have sacrificed to his fury the individual who brought them to this country, had he not been concealed from his search. The Indians were very anxious that the funeral should take place on Monday, before the sun had gone down on the corpse; but the necessary preparations could not be made in time, and at length they reconciled themselves to the European forms. Thus, instead of being buried in a sitting posture, the body was laid in the grave, and the service for the dead was read. The second in rank of the strangers, Shah-whash, then delivered a native oration in short measured sentences, very emphatic, and with long pauses between. Mr. Gale, who understands the language tolerably, represents it to have been extremely forcible and affecting. The whole scene was strangely solemn and singular in an English churchyard. It took place in that on the Waterloo Bridge Road.

Literary Intelligence.—On the 19th, at Wanstead, we see by the papers, was produced a new edition of the facetious T. Hood; enlarged, and improved we hope, though, like last year's *Comic Annual*, not yet corrected. We are happy to add, that the novelty is doing as well as could be expected.

Malibran.—*Galignani's Messenger* (Paris) mentions a report of this charming singer having been stabbed in the neck by some assassin in Italy, when retiring from the theatre, after performing *Otello*. Let us hope it is but one of the common theatrical *ruses* to excite a deeper interest, preparatory to an appearance in health and safety before us!

Antediluvian Plaster!—We are almost

The Warrior's Feast.—Körner.

(By a Young Friend.)

MOUNT, warrior mount, in thy armed array,
Free be thy path on the world's high way;
Threats may defy thee, and foes may be near,
But thy heart and thy hand are too strong for
fear.

Quicker, quicker, my noble horse!
We are bound for a banquet bold,
And ere this sword be too late for the feast,
This hand shall be stiff and cold.

The warrior looks up to the cloudless sky,
Thence comes the courage that fills his eye;
But it turns not down to the earth beneath,
Where soon it may sleep in the arms of death.
Care and sorrow are left behind,

The wife and child adored;
Freedom or death before him stand,
And at his side his sword.

He goes where the bridal banquet is spread,
A marriage crown waits the victor's head;
He who would let the fair bride wait,
His be the brave man's scorn and hate.

Fair honour is the wedding guest,
Our native land the bride;
True of heart must the lover be
Who standeth at her side.

How shall we honour the bold bridegroom?
He hath wood his bride at the gates of the
tomb—

Gloomy death was hovering near
When he kissed from her cheek the falling
tear.

Crown his brow with a wreath of oak,
Let white hands place it there;
The hero's head should be garlanded
By the fingers of the fair.

Freedom's flag is in fortune's grasp,
Let it furl or fly in that fickle clasp;
But never that banner shall fall to the ground,
While swords in German hands are found.

The freedom of our father-land
Our swords shall still maintain,
In red retreat, or dark defeat,
Or on the conquered plain.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.**CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.**

THE following unpublished letter of Lord Byron, in one line tells more of a real history than all that has been written about his chivalrous expedition to Greece. We give it with but a comment: could we see behind every curtain, how many heroic actions and heroic deaths, too, would be found to ally themselves in connection with folly.

"Copy of an (original, unpublished) Letter from Lord Byron to the Countess Guiccioli.

"My dearest T.—Pietro has told you all the gossip; of the island—our earthquakes—our politics—and press at abode in a pretty village—but he has not told you the result of one of his gallantries, which I leave to him to describe.

"As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here, but being here I must see what is to be done. If we were not at such a distance, I could tell you many things that would make you smile, but I hope to do so a very long period.

"Pray keep well, and love me as you are beloved by

"Yours, ever,

"A. a * * in c.,

"N. B."

"A Sua Eccellenza, La Siga. Consa. Teresa
Gamba Guiccioli, a Bologna."

It is seldom the English reader is troubled with any thing of Maltese literature, but we have just seen a Maltese song (we might almost call it an epigram), the turn of which strikes us as being peculiarly happy, and we have been obliged with a copy for our page. From the

want of types we cannot even print the four lines of which it is composed, but the first is within our compass, and we add the whole translation.

Min Eitaa Kit-tama.

He who too far indulges hope,
Will find how soon hope fails;
He's like a seaman bottling wind
Wherewith to fill his sails!

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The late Prince Hoare, Esq.—This estimable gentleman, of whose life we gave a brief sketch in our last paper of the departed year, has bequeathed his excellent library (with a few exceptions to personal friends) to the Royal Society of Literature, of which he was an original and ever a zealous member. Thus will several thousand volumes be added to the already literary treasures of this institution; and, probably, by the authorised sale of duplicate copies a considerable sum of money besides. In the memoir to which we have alluded, the writer mentioned that Mr. Hoare had "greatly assisted in the formation of the Society" to which he has left this valuable legacy; but he was not aware of the whole extent of its previous obligation to him. While the facts are in the memory of several living witnesses, and are well known to the editor of this journal, who was (he is proud to say) associated with Mr. Hoare in the effort, it belongs to the history of our age's literature to give them to the public. After very numerous meetings for between one and two years, and great progress in the difficult task of framing the constitution of the proposed Royal Institution, all at once a cloud was cast over the plan. Among its constant friends and attendants, one now a noble earl, a noble lord once premier of England, another noble lord once at the head of its finance, a venerable bishop of much influence, and indeed the majority of the committee, impressed with a belief that the king's mind had been changed on the subject, and particularly by the arguments in a long letter written by Sir Walter Scott, abandoned the design as hopeless, and advised that there should be no farther meetings.* The learned and excellent prelate, the president to whom his majesty had confided the formation of his favourite Society to encourage and reward the literary genius of his country, was almost inclined to yield to these representations, and we believe it was at a subsequent meeting of not more than five, including himself (the Bishop of Salisbury), Archdeacon Nares, Mr. Hoare, and the writer of this note, that he was strengthened to persevere in his endeavour to accomplish the royal commission delivered *vivā voce* to him in person, till it should be annulled by at least an equally direct regal command to desist. Soon after this (matters proceeding slowly) Mr. Hoare happily went to Brighton, where he had an opportunity through the Rev. Mr. Carr, then chaplain in the pavilion, of ascertaining his majesty's real sentiments. These he communicated to London, and it is hardly necessary to say, that as they were not only favourable but ardent and munificent, the Royal Society of Literature speedily began its career with the splendid endowment from the crown of eleven hundred guineas a

* In matters of so much interest to the literary history of the age, it may be proper to give the names. The originator of the Royal Society of Literature, under the command of George IV., was the then Bishop of St. David's, now of Salisbury. The noblemen referred to are the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Sidmouth (who did not however attend the committee meetings), and Lord Bexley; and the bishop was Majendie, Bishop of Bangor. Carr, soon after Dean of Chichester, was the individual who ascertained his majesty's real sentiments.—*Ed. L. G.*

† We cannot remember the fifth.—*Ed. L. G.*

year. That the economy of later times has led to the discontinuance of this allowance, which not only cheered the closing lives of eminent scholars and distinguished poets, but shed a lustre over the monarchy, and stimulated the highest orders of literature in England, is, in our opinion, greatly to be deplored. But still it is a consolation to find the Society flourishing on some of these grounds by its own energy; and, while we lament the loss of one of its best and of our own most esteemed friends, to record so noble a proof of his attachment to that which he so warmly served and admired when living. To Prince Hoare, next after the Bishop of Salisbury, the Royal Society of Literature owes its existence; and it is well that its first great posthumous enrichment should flow from the same source.

MUSIC.
VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the season, like the earliest snow-drop of the year, possesses a peculiar charm, and is hailed with a double welcome; first, for its own sake, and next, as being the harbinger of so many similar sources of delight. The agreeable concerts of this society are, for many reasons, particularly adapted to give the keenest edge to these sort of pleasurable anticipations. They are sure to contain something "rich and rare"—some composition which is at once sterling and unacknowledged. Nor is a due regard to novelty their best or their only recommendation; the general good taste of the selections and correctness of the performances, are, in our opinion, still more admirable. We like, too, the plan of not advertising the names of the principal singers beforehand, as we are thereby often agreeably surprised at meeting with some old favourite. By this plan also, the Vocal Society pay their subscribers the compliment of supposing that good music, performed with that excellence which must result from careful rehearsals, will prove sufficiently attractive to them, no matter by whom performed. Another very judicious regulation is, that no singer, however great, is excused from contributing his quota to the chorus; nor is any one that may be found capable, however humble or unknown, denied an opportunity of occasionally coming forward in the *solo*, or *soli*, parts. It is no mean praise to say that the concert of Monday night fully answered our anticipations, and evinced that the society has not been rendered indolent or apathetic by success. The madrigals, though they had been heard before, were listened to again with increased pleasure, and the glee were most exquisitely sung. "The Christian's Prayer," a composition by Spohr, new to this country, contained some passages of great beauty, but did not, as a whole, leave that animated impression which the name of the composer had led us to expect. There appeared to be some fine effects for the chorus, *sotto voce*, which, however, were not performed with all desirable steadiness—it seemed as if the chorus-singers had been seized with a qualm at the sight of the word *pianissimo*. This will, no doubt, be rectified in a future performance; and this composition will probably improve on further acquaintance, like many other excellent things which have been brought forward here, and which we hope will be repeated in due course of time. Some portions of a chorus by Hummel, from the Catholic service "Quodquid in Orbe," were absolutely sublime. Mr. Parry, jun. evinced increased excellence of voice and style, in a song from Haydn's "Orfeo;" and Brahms threw

all his powers of expression into a composition of much merit by the youthful composer, Mr. G. A. Macfarren. But we pass briefly over these, that we may have space to announce the *début* of a very promising vocalist, in the person of Miss Lacy, daughter of Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, who was known and admired as a concert-singer several years ago, but has been long absent from this country. Miss Lacy, in an arduous Italian song by Marliani, exhibited attainments of a very superior order. Pure tone, distinct articulation, neatness and certainty in the *bravura* passages, and a generally polished style, are excellencies seldom found combined in the same performer; yet, as far as once hearing will enable us to judge, Miss Lacy possesses all these. Her intonation, also, was remarkably correct, with one or two trifling exceptions, arising, probably, from the agitation consequent on a first public appearance. Her voice, though of a penetrating quality, is at present deficient in richness, but time will, no doubt, mellow and improve it. When we have heard her in some sterling English song, we shall be better able to judge whether she is likely to prove eventually a *great* as well as a *clever* singer. Mozart's charming quintet from *Zauberflöte*, though verbally adapted only for the opera to which it belongs, is *musically* delightful anywhere, especially when performed so well as it was on Monday. Little Master Howe's voice is sweeter than ever, and justice demands a tribute of praise to Miss Woodyatt, for her unaffected and pleasing manner of singing Haydn's canzonetta, "Sympathy." This young lady appears to require much encouragement, for her excessive timidity often prevents her from doing herself justice, and sensibly affects her intonation, as was the case on Monday night. But pray, Miss Woodyatt, "be of good courage" for the future, for you have a very sweet voice and excellent musical capabilities, and require only sufficient nerve to enable you to make an advantageous use of them.

Q.

DRAMA. KING'S THEATRE.

It is stated to have at last been arranged that Laporte is to have the Opera House, at the rent of 8000*l.* and to open in March. He is also to have the privilege of giving concerts; and as he has engaged a brilliant corps, we may yet, we trust, look to a season as delightful as brief. In fact, the Opera rarely, or never, had many attractions till about the time now appointed for its commencement.

DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday Captain Addison gave us another slight and amusing interlude, called the *King's Word*, and founded on an amorous adventure of Charles II. in Cornwall. Only think of the delights of love at the Land's End! Warde, as the king, Cooper, a rough Cornishman, Ellen Tree, his fair wife, and Harley, a silly magistrate, kept up the game in an animated matter till towards the conclusion, when explanations, reclamations, and other serious business rather solemnised the *comique*. The piece was successful.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the same evening a *rifacimento* of Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, and a *Trip to the Jubilee*, was produced at this theatre, with singing superadded, and under the title of *Off to the Continent*. The first original, with all Farquhar's wit, was never very popular, nor was the second original, divested of his licen-

tiousness, more so. The chief attraction of the *Constant Couple* was in having the butterfly part of *Sir Harry Wildair* personated by the finest comic actress of the day (when ladies in male attire were rare upon the stage), and a zest given to the character by the congenial piety and persiflage of feminine talent. Mr. Wallack played it well, but he was not Mrs. Jordan: and, indeed, a manly man like him could not succeed so entirely. The lower cast was good, and what remained of the dialogue was capital by Blanchard, Bartley, Meadows, and Webster. Each was most effective, as far as his part allowed him to be so. Miss Betts was *Angelica*, and sang the songs with purity of execution. Mrs. Faust was *Lady Lurewell*, the love-engrossing woman of fashion—for which it is as well that the stage and the theatre are large.

On Wednesday the managers were good enough to give "juvenile night," with the horrid dull pantomime as the middle of three pieces. Of course, though the holidays were nearly over before this happy thought occurred, all the little masters and misses yet in town might be expected to attend; and in order to make the matter quite fit for them, and palatable to their moral papas and mammas (anxious, no doubt, to afford their offspring innocent entertainment!), two of the broadest and most objectionable of modern farces were pitched upon as the accompaniments. A *Good-looking Fellow*, and *My-Neighbour's Wife*, were admirably selected for "the juvenile night." After affording them such instructive lessons, and teaching their young ideas how to poach, parents, perhaps, had better be invited to sell their daughters, and cut their sons' throats.

ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi gives us nothing to say, but too full every night. We wish, however, the extra-stage piece were shelved, and one of their own laughable pieces were done in its stead. A new grand affair is forthcoming, when *Pompeii* will conclude the evening's entertainments; which will render a merry interlude the more agreeable.

VICTORIA.

HERE we have had the *Two Murderers* well acted by H. Wallack and Gale, and as we see the original piece announced at the French theatre (Friday), we may notice the opportunity for comparison. Another novelty was produced on Thursday, too late for notice this week.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

OPENED on Monday, under the management of Mrs. Nisbett. The theatre, according to report, is neatly fitted up, and some of the performers and performances good, but the novelties not of much merit.

FRENCH PLAYS.

LAST Saturday the French plays commenced at the Lyceum. The chief novelties of the night being the comedy of *La Mère et la Fille* (par M. M. Empis et Mayères), and the first appearance of M. Frédéric Lemaitre, who has produced a sensation in this play, and in others of a similar stamp, at Paris. The same was repeated on Tuesday, and we confess having an instinctive abhorrence of intrigues of this revolting description. It may be true, that in an exceedingly artificial and profligate state of society, cases may occur where meretricious mothers form infamous connexions with the affianced bridegrooms of their own daughters;

but they must be rare, and are, at all events, most unfit for the stage. They can point no useful lesson, and that is what the stage pretends to do. Even the bombast and swelling line of tragedy, removing the sense from common life, could hardly render such a plot endurable; but when it is touched up with all the force of domestic truth, it becomes tenfold more objectionable. We believe, and we hope, it will not be repeated.

Having said so much on the graver subject, we have to add, that we received much pleasure from the talent displayed by those of the company, whose exertions we witnessed. M. Lemaitre is evidently a very clever actor, Mlle. Petit also acceptable, and we liked the little we saw of Mlle. Magaretti. We observed that gentlemen connected with the press were marched up stairs, instead of having the run of the house. It is nothing to us, but the fourth estate, we think, will hardly submit to this exclusive compliment.

VARIETIES.

War on a New System.—An ingenious fellow near Erfurth has, it is stated, invented a musket without touch-hole or ramrod, the construction of which is so much approved that it is likely to be adopted by the Prussian army. The only way to meet so formidable an engine will be to have muskets without barrels or stocks.

The Indian Performers.—The death of the wife of the Chippewa Chief has really been of too melancholy and tragic a cast for the mimic drama. The anecdotes told of the party are very interesting. The poor female was baptised on the morning previous to her death (Sunday), and had Christian burial on Tuesday. The frantic sorrow of the chief at his loss was of the wildest extravagance; and imputing it to some exposure to the weather since their arrival in England, he would, without a qualm, have sacrificed to his fury the individual who brought them to this country, had he not been concealed from his search. The Indians were very anxious that the funeral should take place on Monday, *before the sun had gone down on the corpse*; but the necessary preparations could not be made in time, and at length they reconciled themselves to the European forms. Thus, instead of being buried in a sitting posture, the body was laid in the grave, and the service for the dead was read. The second in rank of the strangers, Shah-whash, then delivered a native oration in short measured sentences, very emphatic, and with long pauses between. Mr. Gale, who understands the language tolerably, represents it to have been extremely forcible and affecting. The whole scene was strangely solemn and singular in an English churchyard. It took place in that on the Waterloo Bridge Road.

Literary Intelligence.—On the 19th, at Wanstead, we see by the papers, was produced a new edition of the facetious T. Hood; enlarged, and improved we hope, though, like last year's *Comic Annual*, not yet corrected. We are happy to add, that the novelty is doing as well as could be expected.

Malibran.—*Galignani's Messenger* (Paris) mentions a report of this charming singer having been stabbed in the neck by some assassin in Italy, when retiring from the theatre, after performing *Otello*. Let us hope it is but one of the common theatrical *ruses* to excite a deeper interest, preparatory to an appearance in health and safety before us!

Antediluvian Plaster!—We are almost

ashamed to be the first to publish the fact, but it is publicly and confidently stated, that the "splendid Saurian" remains, lately purchased by the trustees of the British Museum for five hundred pounds, or guineas, is nothing else than—plaster.

Our Poets.—Mrs. Hemans, at Dublin, and T. Campbell, at Algiers, are both stated to be severely indisposed; the former alarmingly, but the latter convalescent.

Notaxomahnisteenpicatatsins.—Pronounce this *leettle* word; it is the original Mexican for country curates.

Madame Tallien.—Among the deaths recently announced from the continent, is that of the celebrated Mad. Tallien, whose connexion with the literary history of the French Revolution is so well known.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Literature and Art.—The Supplement to the "Literary Advertiser" for 1834, contains Lists of the New Books and Principal Engravings published in London during the past year, with their sizes and prices. The number of books enumerated is about 1270, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being upwards of 100 more than in 1833. The number of Engravings is 73 (including 31 Portraits), 15 of which are engraved in the Line manner, 49 in Mezzotinto, and 9 in Chalk. Aquatints, 80. [Looking, by way of test, found "Frances Carrara," one of the most striking and popular novels of the year, not mentioned; and Mrs. Hall's "Tales of Woman's Trials" ascribed to her husband. If Mr. Bent consulted the pages of the *Literary Gazette* diligently, he might make his list more perfect.—*Ed. L. G.*]

In the Press.

A new edition of the Essays of Elia.—An Excursion in North Wales, embellished with Plates, from Drawings by Cattermole, Cox, Creswick, and Walker, of Derby. In Monthly Numbers, by T. Roscoe.

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